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THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

My dear, do you know,
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away
On a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood,
As I've heard people say.

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobb'd and they sigh'd,
And they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things,
They laid down and died.

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
They sang them this song, —
Poor babes in the wood!
Poor babes in the wood!
And don't you remember
The babes in the wood?

Popular Rhymes.

MEMORY.

How oft, in silence, secretly, alone,
We wander back along the travelled road
Of life which lies behind us! There we
strode
With buoyant step; and there, with many a
groan,
We picked a painful way from stone to stone,
Which barred our path: one while a weary
hill
Defeated ardour; then, again, a rill
In brightness cheered us. All are past and gone,
But not forgotten. Standing, as we seem,
Beside the wall which hides futurity,
The long-lost past behind us gives a hope
And faithful promise of security,
But none of ease; or else there were no scope
For trust in God, and life were but a dream.

Chambers' Journal.

GREEN LEAVES.

THE sweet leaves, the fresh leaves, the young
green leaves,
The leaves in the sunshine growing;
Whilst the martin twitters beneath the eaves,
And the cowslip bells are blowing!

The dormouse awakes from his winter sleep,
And the black merle pipes on the cherry;

And the lily-buds, from their green sheath peep,
And maidens and men are merry.

With the fresh life-blood of the new-born
spring
The elixir of love and pleasure;
When Hope on the threshold of Life takes
wing
To search for its golden treasure.

O green leaves, O fresh leaves, O young green
leaves,
When lovers in lanes are roaming,
Ye are dearer to youth, than the rich red
sheaves,
That glow in the August gloaming!

For they tell with their glorious spikes of gold
Of a hope that has ripened to glory:
But green leaves whisper a hope untold,
And fond youth lists to the story!

All The Year Round.

IRIS.

THROUGH April tears, from Heaven's gate, she
came
To greening Earth: and straight the violet-
blooms
Shed fragrant incense 'neath her winged feet,
And hawthorns flushed, and amber cowslips
shook
Their nodding bells, and periwinkles blue
Their stars unfolded. And the yellow globes
Of king-cups quivered, and the daisies white
Snowed all the meads, and reddening orchids
blushed,
And all the Flower Kingdom hailed the Spring.

Then shone a golden sun-gleam through the
storm
Upon the rainbow-goddess as she flew
From Heaven to Earth, gilding her flowing
hair,
Her locks ambrosial, with a halo bright,
Tinting her snow-white foot with roseate kiss,
Lighting with loveliness her pansy eyes,
And making emerald and amethyst
Her ever-changing dress. Rich rubies glowed
Amid her tresses; purple sapphires gleamed
Upon her milk-white breast, and opals pure
With rose-spark hidden in their fiery depth
Lent lustre to her brow.

Forth burst the choir
Of birds exultant with a pæan sweet
Of welcomes to their Queen; the brown thrush
sat
And trilled and quavered on the almond bough;
The velvet-coated blackbird tuned his flute
On snowy cherry-spray; the bullfinch piped
And whistled mid the pale-pink apple-blooms,
And Flower, and Bird, and Man all hailed the
Spring!

All The Year Round.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE YOUNGER VANE.

SIR HENRY VANE, known to history as the younger Vane, and to most people solely as the man to whom Cromwell said, "Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane, the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane," was a characteristic figure in the English Revolution of the seventeenth century, a living epistle of much that was characteristic, memorable, and curious in English Puritanism. The writing about him is not satisfactory. Vituperation, ample in quantity and vigorous in quality, you have from Clarendon and his historical fraternity, whose account of Vane, toned down a little, is substantially adopted in the *Biographia Britannica*; commendation has recently abounded on both sides of the Atlantic, Mr. C. Wentworth Upham and Mr. Forster strenuously exerting themselves to depict him as a faultless hero and Puritan Washington, in contrast with the traitorous dissimulator Oliver Cromwell: but fairness is absent on the one side, discrimination on the other. Clarendon, having been Vane's bitter enemy during his life, was not likely to do his memory justice; but Clarendon's portrait-sketches are sharp; he has an eye for a man's distinctive quality; and his language is eloquent. You can discover the true Vane in Clarendon's portrait, though the "jaundiced eye" of the artist has quenched the white and red of honest health, and substituted a false and sickly hue. In the favourable biographies the figure of Vane seems to float waveringly on a reflecting surface of watery panegyric; you fail to trace a determinate outline, or to form an idea of the flesh-and-bone Sir Harry, as distinguished from an abstract of political perfection prefiguring the sublimities of the American constitution. The reader of the modern eulogistic biographies of Vane is not unlikely to repeat the prayer of Cromwell.

Henry Vane comes before us from the first as pointedly original. From the age of fifteen he was a law unto himself. The influence of his father, his relatives, and the court-circle in which he moved, was weak in comparison with that of self-

chosen books and guides, and of his own imperious, working intellect, and sleepless dialectical faculty. Born in 1612, he passed from boyhood into youth at the very time when the Puritan fervour was reaching its climax in England; and the fact that every influence immediately surrounding him would be directed to check and discountenance Puritanism, was likely to predispose the logically intrepid and wilful boy in its favour. He was of an ancient stock; one of his ancestors had received knighthood for bravery on the field of Poitiers; his father was a prosperous and pliant courtier. He was himself the polar opposite of all that this lineage and parentage would lead us to expect. History might be ransacked in vain for a pair of men so antithetically in contrast with each other as Sir Harry Vane the father and Sir Harry Vane the son. The father was incapable of standing erect; the son was incapable of bowing or bending: the father could adapt himself to any hole, round or square; the son could never find any hole that would quite suit him: the son could adjust himself neither to Charles I. nor to Oliver Cromwell; the father smirked, and ate good things, and made himself generally useful under Charles, under the Parliament, and under the Protector! They seem to have remained on the best of terms all their lives, a circumstance due, I suppose, to the totality of their difference. The father could tolerate all principles because he had none; the son could not quarrel with, or complain of, his father, because his most vehemently asserted principles never evoked contradiction. It might be interesting to know whether the extremes of flexibility and inflexibility have alternated in the chiefs of the house of Vane from the days of old Howel ap Vane of Monmouthshire, the first recorded progenitor of the Knight of Poitiers, until now. That the race has had tough vitality is unquestionable, for at this hour the Vane blood runs in several of our ducal and lordly families, and the Duke of Cleveland is a lineal descendant of Sir Harry.

Till fifteen, Vane tells us, he lived the life of a worldling and "good fellow;"

it then pleased God to call him to repentance, and to reveal Jesus Christ in him. His religion was Puritan, and the word in his case points to the moral fervour as well as to the scholastic dogmatism of the Puritans. In point of fact, the most characteristic men of the entire period between the rise of Calvin and the Restoration of Charles II. are unintelligible unless we to some extent realize that spiritual heat, that transcendent belief in responsibility to God, which could not, like the Puritan theology, be embodied in creeds, but which is vividly present in the best religious literature of the time, in Calvin's letters, and indeed in all Calvin's writings, in Jeremy Taylor's sermons and devotional treatises, in Milton's best poetry and Baxter's best prose. The religious inspiration of the age reached all parties in England, but it burned most vehemently in the Puritans. The fundamental allegation of Luther and Calvin was that the Church of Rome had falsified Christianity. They did not, as they have been a thousand times misrepresented to have done, proclaim the emancipation of the human mind from authority. They appealed to an infallible Bible against a Church whose claim to infallibility they rejected; and they affirmed it to be the duty of all men to submit to the infallible Bible as emphatically as Rome affirmed it to be the duty of all men to submit to the infallible Church. The English Puritans, whose theory of inspiration was more rigid than that of Luther and Calvin, insisted with fiery importunity that the Bible and the Bible alone should be the religion of England. Laud and the anti-Puritans urged that rites and ceremonies, though not enjoined in the Bible, might be lawfully imposed by the Church. The Anglican view was something of a compromise and something of a retrogression; both circumstances would discredit it with the emotionally fervid and dialectically absolute Henry Vane. Accordingly, from the earliest point at which we can trace him, he is a Puritan. A scrupulous conscientiousness was combined in him with consistent, unswerving Biblicism. At Oxford, to which he had been sent from

Westminster School, he finds, when still a mere boy, that his conscience will not permit him to take the oath of supremacy. After lingering for a period at Oxford in unattached study, he travels on the continent, and makes his way, as was customary for spiritual knights errant of the time, to Geneva. Here the Calvinistic doctors would give him play for his dialectical weapons, and to dispute, distinguish, define, was for him, now and henceforward, the highest possible happiness. The son of an eminent English courtier, the heir of an ancient and opulent house, he was likely to receive from the hierarchs of the Puritan Rome sufficient deference to flatter his intellectual pride, while their argumentative skill, practised in the debates of the most controversial century in the history of the world, would polish to a glossier attenuation that subtlety which was at once the force and the foible of Vane. He returned to England in a white glow of Puritan illumination, and the court began to look with chagrin upon the prospect of such an addition to the Puritan ranks. It was arranged that Laud should take him in hand, but the result was as might have been foreseen. Laud had a limited logical faculty and a short temper; Vane had a genius for argumentative logic, an invincibly placid temper, and that ineffable self-complacency which is irritating in any man, insufferably irritating in a stripling. Finding that he made no progress, Laud flew into a passion and brought the discussion to an end. Shrewd Sir Harry, the father, looked on with philosophical tranquillity, speculating perhaps on the possibility that his son's Puritanism might turn up as a good card one of these difficult and dubious days.

We next find young Henry, with the acquiescence of his father, who is doubtless glad to have him temporarily out of the way, on board an emigrant ship amid a company of Puritans bound for New England. The honest exiles cannot help looking on him as a surprising, if not alarming, phenomenon. His long hair, his courtly dress, his aristocratic deportment, strike them as more compatible with the character of a court spy than of

a genuine Puritan. But they soon discover their mistake. In prayer and theological discourse the young aristocrat can out-stay the longest-winded of the party. He lands at Boston in the beginning of 1635, is admitted to the freedom of Massachusetts on the 3rd of March, and in the following year is appointed Governor of the Colony.

American writers are naturally interested in Vane's residence in Boston and governorship of Massachusetts. That he should have been elected to administer the affairs of the colony at an age when young men are commonly still at college is enough to prove that he possessed some remarkable qualities, and Mr. Upham quotes instances of his dexterity and tact in managing men and composing differences: but, on the whole, his governorship was not successful. Clarendon's account is that, through his unparalleled intellectual subtlety, he involved the colony in interminable disputes and dissensions, and I fancy this is an uncivil statement of a substantial fact. He did not bring the disputes into the colony, but, having to deal with disputes, he did so not as a man of action, but as an irrefragable logician; not as a builder of houses on the ground, who hews his stones with hammer and chisel, but like a builder of castles in the air, who cuts phantom blocks with air-drawn razors. He did not succeed, but he was ready to prove to all the world that he ought to have succeeded.

The colony was blessed or cursed with a Mrs. Hutchinson, a preaching woman, clever, vehement, disputatious, censorious, qualified in a rare degree to set men by the ears. She held every week one or more preaching and prayer meetings, at which she rehearsed the sermons delivered from some Boston pulpit the Sunday before, with comments of her own. The theology of the town did not give her satisfaction; Mr. Cotton alone of several clergymen preached the Gospel as, in her opinion, it ought to be preached. Clerical human nature in a Puritan colony where the pastors expected to have themselves looked up to as the Heaven-sent guides of the community, could not pos-

sibly stand this. Boston became a scene of fierce contention between Hutchinsonians and anti-Hutchinsonians. The clergy proved themselves as capable of criticism as their censor; and Mrs. Hutchinson was accused of various theological errors, Antinomian and Sabellian, the very sound of which was enough to make both the ears of any Puritan hearing them to tingle. The probability is that, if Mrs. Hutchinson had praised the other preachers as much as she praised Mr. Cotton, they might have failed to detect her heresies. Vane took part with her and Cotton, defending her with a chivalry which must enlist Mr. Mill and the leaders of the Woman's Rights movement in his favour, and arguing that her doctrines, though they looked like heresies, were orthodox enough. The case appears to have been one in which a correct decision depended on the apprehension of sundry theological distinctions, which ordinary persons were almost sure to overlook or confound, but which would be perfectly and fascinatingly lucid to the subtle mind of Vane. According to the Puritan theology, personal holiness, or sanctification, is in no sense or degree the price of salvation; in plainer words, good works have absolutely no effect in justifying the sinner. But sanctification, if genuine — that is, if produced by Divine grace acting on the believer — is an indispensable accompaniment, and an infallible proof, of justification; in other words, good works are absolutely inseparable from a life of saving faith. On these points Puritan theologians are agreed, and I have no doubt that Mrs. Hutchinson and Henry Vane would have maintained them against all who should affirm that Luther's doctrine of salvation by faith alone is unfavourable to morals. But Mrs. Hutchinson might very well draw a distinction between genuine sanctification and works really good on the one hand, and certain external symbols of sanctification, certain ostensibly good works, which, in Puritan circles, might be easily taken for such, on the other. If what she said was that demure faces, long prayers, and conversation interlarded with Scripture — in one word, all the external signs of Puritanism

—were no infallible proofs of justification, it may easily be conceived that her language, wholly satisfactory to a Cottonian, would strike one of the opposite faction as countenancing the deadly Antinomian heresy that good works are not essential to salvation, and that there can be godliness without virtue. Vane and her other supporters declared that she struck merely at Pharisaism, hypocrisy, formality; her enemies alleged that she taught that the justified sinner might continue to sin.

The reader has probably had more than he wants of theology, but I may add that the second heresy imputed to Mrs. Hutchinson—the belief that the Holy Ghost is an Influence, instead of a Person—would, in the discussions it originated be still more promotive of abstruse speculating and nice distinguishing, and would afford still finer play to the dialectical subtlety of Vane, than the first.

The colony buzzed with disputation like a distracted beehive. Out of the question of Mrs. Hutchinson's heresy, or in addition to it, arose the question of the right of the Church to punish her for the same, and in this also Vane was ready with his logic. A sentence or two from his controversial writing on this point will exhibit in small compass his conception of Bible law as defining the powers alike of Church and State. "Churches have no liberty to receive or reject, at their discretions, but at the discretion of Christ. Whatsoever is done in word or deed, in Church or Commonwealth, must be done in the name of the Lord Jesus (Col. iii. 17). Neither hath Church nor Commonwealth any other than ministerial power from Christ (Eph. v. 23), who is the Head of the Church and the Prince of the Kings of the Earth (Rev. i. 5)." To realize this ideal, to bring Commonwealth and Church into the condition prescribed by Christ, was the object of Vane's life. His doctrine led directly to the sovereignty of the Christian people, for no monarch could be entitled to deprive Christians of the liberty conferred on them by Christ—that is of the liberty to perform fully what Christ enjoins—or could exercise more than ministerial power. But whilst thus covering himself with glory as a controversialist, Vane slipped out of his seat as Governor. His controversial antagonist, Winthrop, was elected in his stead, and in rather more than two years after he reached the colony, Vane returned to England. With a party in Massachusetts he was still highly popular, and he car-

ried home an affectionate recollection of his New England friends; but he had not been successful; and the essential reason of his failure was that his genius was for drawing out the terms of a logical demonstration rather than for governing men.

In the England of 1637 he found ample occupation for his observant and speculative faculties, and it soon seemed probable that the experience which he had gained of affairs would be put in exercise. It was the time when Laud and Strafford were at the height of their power. In the year of Vane's return, Prynne, Burton, and Bastwick, a lawyer, a clergyman, and a physician, who had written against the Bishops, had their ears cut off in Palace Yard, were fined £5000 apiece, and were consigned to life-long imprisonment in remote castles. Parliament had not sat for eight years, and servile judges had pronounced the King entitled to levy ship-money upon Hampden and other inland householders. Vane entered into relations with the leading Puritans, and, in his intercourse with the Court, was on the alert for information which might be useful to the party. Sir Henry Vane, his father, was a member of the Privy Council. Between the elder Vane and Strafford, who had insulted him, there was bitter hostility. The father and the son continued, as usual, on excellent terms.

In due course, after his return from America, young Vane married and took up his abode with his wife in London. He was elected member for Hull in the Short Parliament, which met in the spring of 1640. In the course of this summer his father, absent in the North of England, desirous of enabling Henry to increase the amount of the settlement already made upon his wife, instructed his secretary in London to put into his son's hands the keys of certain boxes containing, says the father, "writings and the evidences of my lands." Having got from the boxes what he wanted, young Vane caught sight of a "red velvet cabinet," and being curious to know what was within, procured its key from the secretary and opened it. He finds, among other papers, a memorandum in his father's hand of treasonable expressions used by Strafford in the preceding May at a meeting of the Privy Council. Deeply struck with the discovery, he takes a copy of the paper, and feels bound to communicate it to "some person of better judgment than myself." The person selected is Pym, the conductor of the im-

peachment of Strafford. The words used were to the effect that the King, having vainly appealed to the affections of his people, was "absolved and loose from all rule of government," entitled "to do what power will admit," and at liberty for one thing, to employ the army of Ireland "to reduce this kingdom to obedience." The effect produced by this evidence, when Pym brought it up on the trial of Strafford, was very great, and though the impeachment was abandoned and the method of attainder adopted, it unquestionably helped to bring the Earl to the block. The circumstance that there was personal enmity between Strafford and the elder Vane has suggested scepticism as to the purely accidental nature of the discovery made by his son. Vane, the Privy Councillor, was bound by oath to observe secrecy respecting what took place at meetings of the Privy Council, and his oath required him to conceal all such memoranda as that of Strafford's treasonable advice. It is not surprising that the cavaliers should have accused the father of treachery and perjury, but we may, I think, assent to the resolution in which the House of Commons declared that no blame could be attached to the son. The younger Vane never sat in the Privy Council along with Strafford, and as one of the most advanced and resolute Puritans, he had a right to be as eager in the search for evidence against their great adversary as Pym himself.

In the Long Parliament he at once associated himself with the Root and Branch party. Their view of the policy to be adopted in regard to the State was that the amplest constitutional concessions should be exacted from the King, and not only so, but that securities should be taken that those concessions would not, in any vicissitude of public feeling, be resumed. For the Church they demanded a complete reform, to the extent of sweeping away the entire Episcopal system and substituting a system which they did not exactly define, but which would bring the government and ritual of the Church into close accordance with those of the other Churches which had thrown off the yoke of Rome. Pre-eminent in this party we distinguish Oliver Cromwell, Henry Vane, and—outside the House—John Milton. Between Milton and Vane it is easy to understand how there should be sympathy. Each had what the other, comparatively speaking, lacked. Vane was singularly void of imaginative fire; his writing is a river mov-

ing slow and soft between willow-hung banks in "an endless plain;" Milton's is a swollen torrent rending its way down hill. Vane could track a thought with unweariable patience into a thousand ramifications; he could hold his way imper turbably amid distinctions which the fiery glance of Milton penetrated or overlooked. In his sonnet to Vane, Milton signalizes his power of exact discrimination and definition, and we can imagine Vane's countenance lighting up with enthusiasm as he marked his own fine-drawn logical wire-work becoming radiant in the imaginative eloquence of Milton.

Cromwell, Milton, and Vane were agreed that England ought not to pause half-way, but to complete her reformation. Milton's position in his first pamphlet was, as Professor Masson finely says, "that the European Reformation begun by Luther had been arrested in England at a point far less advanced than that which it had reached in other countries, and that, in consequence, England had ever since been suffering and struggling, and incapacitated, as by a load of nightmare only half thrown off, for the full and free exercise of her splendid spirit." Cromwell and Vane, adroitly using Sir Edward Deering as their instrument, introduced a bill in May, 1641, "for the utter abolishing and taking away of all Archbishops, Bishops, their Chancellors and Commissaries, Deans, Deans and Chapters, Archdeacons, Prebendaries, Chanters, Canons, and all other their under-officers." Vane's speech in the debate was the speech of a wary politician and experienced Parliamentary statesman, rather than of an enthusiastic dreamer of ecclesiastical dreams. Episcopacy, he argued, could be defended only by substantially the same arguments as defended Popery; it had been tried in England, and had shown itself unfavourable to piety; it alienated the Church of England from the Reformed Churches; it tended to bring back Popery; and it was hostile to civil liberty and favourable to arbitrary conceptions of government. The hardest-headed zealot in the House could not call this abstruse, the most prosaic statesman could not call it fantastical.

Strange to say—strange, that is, when we recollect the sequel—Cromwell, Milton, and Vane were all three at this time more correctly definable as Presbyterians than by any other ecclesiastical designation. It is curiously illustrative of the nature of Revolutions, and of the character of the results which their rude and

perilous ministry can effect, that it was not found possible, in the course of the Puritan Revolution, to fix permanently, in place of the ecclesiastical system swept away, any one of the forms of ecclesiastical polity which prevailed at the time. Each party, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Independent, was in turn strong enough to oppress or strong enough to destroy; but when the Puritan Army was triumphant in England, neither Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, nor Independency could have its way. At the time when Laud was cutting off Presbyterian ears and Wren was hoping to bring some Puritan to the stake, the great body of the people wanted nothing more than that the Laudian ceremonial should not be matter of forcible imposition on the consciences of men. At the time when Cromwell and Vane pushed forward the Root and Branch bill, a temperate version of the Presbyterian system, with considerable freedom in the use of vestures and liturgies, would have given satisfaction to a like proportion of the nation. When the war ended with the battle of Worcester, both Episcopacy and Presbyterianism had become impracticable, but Independency, though professed by many able men, and favoured by Cromwell on the ground of the comparative tolerance of its adherents, could not be established. The issue of all the furious contention between the three forms of Protestant Christianity was that Cromwell found himself compelled to set on foot a nondescript scheme, which any modern Independent, or Divine-right Independent of any time, would reject as intolerable. There are no disappointments so heart-breaking as those of great revolutions.

For the present, Vane and Cromwell had overstepped the mark. The debate on the Root and Branch bill marks a point at which there occurred a decided rally on behalf of the Church and of Charles. In proceeding against Strafford the Commons had acted as one man, and even in the attempt to save the Earl from the capital sentence Digby had commanded only a trifling minority. But when Strafford had fallen and Laud and his impositions were flung out of sight, a formidable party in the House became conscious of a strong enthusiasm for the Church of England. Two events combined to stay the reaction and to hurry on the Revolution. In the autumn of 1641, England was convulsed by intelligence of the Irish Rebellion; in the first month of 1642, Charles attempted the arrest of

the Five Members. From that hour the destinies of England were in the hands of the Root and Branch Party.

When the war broke out, Cromwell betook himself to the field. Vane, intrepid in speculation, perfect in moral courage, had the reputation of physical timidity. In friendship and in policy, they remained cordially allied. After the death of Hampden, in the summer of 1643, and the death of Pym, which occurred a few months later, Vane was the most important of those leaders of the Parliament who confined themselves to their Parliamentary duties. He had been appointed joint-secretary of the navy so early as 1640, and both in this capacity and in the work of Committees, he proved himself a consummate man of business.

Sufficient importance has not been attached by Macaulay in his history to the service performed by Vane for the Parliament in the second half of 1643. Occupied with Cromwell's statement that his Ironsides, men of religion and a high purpose, had brought victory to the Puritan standard, Lord Macaulay makes no mention of that feat of statesmanship and diplomacy by which the extremely probable crushing of Cromwell's military schemes in the bud was averted. In the summer of 1643 the scale of the Parliament was dangerously depressed. The King was carrying all before him in the West; Newcastle had not been checked in the East; it seemed likely, if not inevitable, that, should no important accession of force be gained by the Parliament, a brief campaign in 1644 would bring the war to a close, and lay the liberties of England in their grave. Cromwell was fully sensible of the danger, for he knew that the troops of the Eastern counties, which he had been organizing, were not numerous enough to cope with Newcastle. Clarendon has not overlooked the critical nature of the situation. He dwells with bitter emphasis on the means by which the fortune of the war was changed. An embassy was despatched to Scotland. Vane, though several commissioners were associated with him, was himself the embassy. "He was chosen," says Clarendon, "to cozen and deceive a whole nation, which excelled in craft and cunning, which he did with notable pregnancy and dexterity." He was chosen to persuade the Scots to send an army to the aid of the Parliament. The negotiation was ticklish, but there is no need to suppose that Vane tried, or intended, to cozen. It was necessary to hold out an inducement

ment to the Scotch; it was in the highest degree desirable that this inducement should not be a promise to import Scotch Presbyterianism, pure and simple, into England. Clarendon, with the page of succeeding history spread before him, did not realize that, at the time of the negotiation, that page was sealed from the eye of Vane. It is so difficult for historians to remember that what is to them a blaze of light was thick darkness to the actors of whom they speak! True of all times, it is pre-eminently true of times of revolution, that men know only the foot of land on which their own feet rest. Great men have done much to make history and to shape the course of events; but I doubt whether the greatest practical genius that ever lived could, in revolutionary times, predict his own career for six months. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" He did it. The squeamish and tender-hearted advocate of Arras, so fearful of blood that he must resign his judicial post rather than condemn a man to death, and whose one passion is limitless and consuming love for mankind, becomes the Robespierre of the Reign of Terror. Oliver Cromwell's contemporaries, when they saw how things fell out, exclaimed, "Look, the vile traitor, he planned the whole affair that he might make a throne for himself!" And they called up spectres, apparitions, witch-women, to show how it had been all foreseen and expected. The moderns rushed full cry after the Ludlows and Catherine Macaulays, quite clear that Cromwell had awakened the Puritan volcano with a view to warming his own hands. Clarendon makes essentially the same mistake when he writes of Vane's negotiation with the Scots in 1643, as if Vane had foreseen the subsequent rupture between the Independents and the Presbyterians. To speak the truth, no cozening was required. The Scots were fully convinced that, if Charles triumphed over the English Puritans, he would take fiery vengeance upon the Scotch Covenanters. They stipulated with Vane for what, to Cromwell, Milton, and himself, still appeared the most reasonable arrangement that could be made, the establishment in England of an ecclesiastical system corresponding to that of Scotland. An identical system they did not want. Henderson, Argyle and their other leaders were too large-minded for such a design. And the treaty they concluded with Vane, unfortunate as was the issue, does discredit to neither party. The ori-

ginal Covenant was, if not discarded, at least retained for exclusive use in Scotland. A new instrument, the distinction between which and the preceding has, I think, been much overlooked by historians, entitled *The Solemn League and Covenant*, formed the basis of the new treaty. It provided for the establishment in England, not of the system of the Scottish church, but of a system in harmony with "the Word of God" and the practice of "the best Reformed Churches." It contained stipulations for the preservation of the monarchy and the safety of the monarch. The cunning and duplicity attributed by Clarendon to Vane are supposed to have played their part in the insertion of expressions which would practically leave the whole question between Presbyterians and Independents, and between Monarchists and anti-Monarchists, open. The reference to "the Word of God" was intended, it is said, to give indefinite scope to ecclesiastical divergence; and the reference to "laws" and "liberties" prepared for the suggestion that the preservation of these might be more important than keeping the King's crown on his head or even his head on his shoulders. But both parties were bent upon getting to work; the essential thing was to arrange a basis for present action; and the Scots may have thought as well as Vane that it would be time to cross the bridge when they reached the river. Vane and Cromwell signed the Solemn League and Covenant, and both maintained to their last breath that, in its true meaning, in strict accordance with its spirit and not in express contradiction to its letter, they kept it. At all events Vane accomplished the object of his mission. The war was to be conducted under the supervision of a Committee of Both Kingdoms, sitting in London. In January, 1644, marching through knee-deep snow, twenty-one thousand Blue Bonnets, led by Alexander Leslie, an old soldier of Gustavus Adolphus, famous for having held Stralsund against the utmost efforts of Wallenstein, crossed the border. Acting in conjunction with the Puritan forces in the East, Leslie was able to coop up Newcastle in York; and when Prince Rupert relieved him and offered the Roundheads battle, Manchester, Leslie, and Cromwell annihilated the combined army of the Royalists, and won the first decisive victory of the Parliament, on Marston Moor. It was fought on a July evening, 1644. The Parliament was henceforward able to deal with the King,

and the Scots soon began to find that they were no longer wanted. One of the first to let his opinion to this effect be known was Oliver Cromwell, and in closest sympathy with Cromwell was Vane.

No one who has looked into the early pamphlets of Milton, or who gives due consideration to some of the most important public transactions of the time, will fail to realize that English Presbyterianism had a strong root and an extensive growth in England, independently of any influence from Scotland. A large majority of the Puritan party in the Long Parliament at its commencement were Presbyterians; active steps for the abolition of Episcopacy were taken in 1641; what is now universally characterized as the Scotch version of the Psalms was the work of the English M.P. for Truro, who, so far as I know, was never in Scotland; and the Westminster Assembly of Divines, which drew up the formularies that have since defined the doctrine, worship and discipline of the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland and America was a thoroughly English Congress. The circumstance that Pym was appointed a member of the Westminster Assembly is one among many such which evidence and illustrate the close union in this Revolution of political and religious impulses. I could not undertake to say which impulse was the stronger in Pym. He could have died either for the constitutional liberties or for the religious liberties of England; and he did die, not on the battle-field, but worn out by civic toil, in what was with him a struggle for both. Pym lived to set his name, along with every other member sitting in the Long Parliament, to the Covenant, in September, 1643; Hampton had fallen in Chalgrove field in the preceding June.

Those splendours of morning hope which encompass all revolutions never shone more brilliantly on the Puritan Revolution than at the moment when, through the energy, tact, and eloquence of Vane, the Parliament of England and the people of Scotland found themselves linked together in a league of amity and mutual defence. The enthusiasm of the period burns in Milton's two books on Reformation in England with an intensity which, to adapt his own imagery to the occasion, like the light, flashed from a mirror of diamond, pierces and almost pains the unimpassioned eyeballs of a coldly scientific generation. That work was written before Vane went to Scotland, but the magnificent words in which

Milton apostrophizes the allied nations could never have been addressed to them so appropriately as when Pym, Vane, and Cromwell were putting their hands to the Solemn League and Covenant, and the Parliament of Scotland was calling out all the fencible men of the realm to march to the help of the Commons of England. "Go on both hand in hand, O nations, never to be disunited; be the praise and the heroic song of all posterity; merit this, but seek only virtue, not to extend your limits; (for what needs to win a fading triumphant laurel out of the tears of wretched men?) but to settle the pure worship of God in His Church, and justice in the State: then shall the hardest difficulties smooth out themselves before ye; envy shall sink to hell, craft and malice be confounded, whether it be home-bred mischief or outlandish cunning: yea, other nations will then covet to serve ye, for lordship and victory are but the pages of justice and virtue. Commit securely to true wisdom the vanquishing and uncasing of craft and subtlety, which are but her two runagates; join your invincible might to do worthy and godlike deeds; and then he that seeks to break your union, a cleaving curse be his inheritance to all generations!"

The prospect was soon overcast; the estrangement between Presbyterians and Independents, at first a rift within the lute so slight that even the eye of Pym, as he sank overwearied and died in the end of 1643, may not have detected it, changed the music of Puritan harmony into loud discord; and the ancient hatred between Scot and Englishman, which, since the days of Elizabeth, had been softening, and at this point passed for a moment into the ardour of friendship, became once more as rancorous as it had been in those darkest days of Scottish history between the death of Wallace and the rise of Bruce. English Presbyterianism, which, in 1643, was intellectually more imposing and numerically stronger than any Presbyterianism in the world, and which furnished the constitutional machinery of Churches numbering at this hour twenty or thirty millions of adherents, vanished from history. I make this statement advisedly, although I know that it requires qualification. The native Presbyterianism of England has continued to live, but in an unrecognizable and invisible state. Its rare intellectual quality has been attested by such recruits to the clerical ranks of the Establishment as Bishop Butler, and, in a different line, by a suc-

cession of strenuous and original thinkers from Priestley to Martineau. But even when the Presbyterian name was clung to with reverent fondness, the old machinery of Church sessions, Presbyteries, and Synods, and the formularies drawn up at Westminster, were abandoned. The English Presbyterian Church of to-day has both the constitutional framework and the doctrinal standards of old English Presbyterianism, is entirely independent of any Church beyond the English frontier, and is a vigorous and promising institution. It is English in every sense in which a Dunbar potato, growing vigorously in Surrey, is English. Historically it is not English.

The reason which Cromwell and Vane assigned for obstructing Presbyterian ascendancy was that, as they alleged, the Presbyterians insisted upon erecting a system of persecuting intolerance hardly less objectionable than that of Laud. Cromwell, a great field preacher (in more senses than one), could not reconcile himself to an ecclesiastical discipline which permitted no man to exercise his gifts, at the head of his regiment or elsewhere, unless he had been ordained to the office of the ministry. Vane, who went as directly to first principles in matters of speculation as Cromwell in matters of practice, had made his way to the doctrine that Church forms are comparatively of small consequence, and declared that all the Churches of his time agreed in overvaluing them as compared with the spirit and the life. Papists, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, were of one mind, said Vane, in "preferring the Church in name, show, and outward order, before what it is in spirit and truth as it is the living body of Christ." A man who held this doctrine which belongs to the nineteenth rather than the seventeenth century, was likely to be a thorn in the side of any ecclesiastical party whose conception of toleration embraced, as one of its inseparable ingredients, power to refuse toleration to every one else.

It may seem surprising to modern readers, but it was exquisitely characteristic of Vane, that, with all this latitude of view, he had absolutely no sympathy with anarchy, and to the last resented it as a misrepresentation that he was willing to tolerate "sectaries." By this word I take him to have meant those who were tainted with such licentious notions as pass for doctrines of liberty now-a-days. Like the heroes and martyrs of freedom in all ages,

not excluding those of the French Revolution, but only the base and brainless spawn of Jacobinism now infesting the capitals of Europe, Vane held liberty to be identical with right law. If I were asked to specify one thing which, more than any other, distinguished this Puritan Revolutionist, I should say it was a speculative passion for law. Absolute submission to the law of Christ we found to be his conception of perfect liberty both for Church and State. Many voluble persons will be ready to pronounce this a theory of slavishness rather than a theory of freedom. But Vane would not have agreed with Dr. Strauss that the expression, "the service of God," is insulting to humanity, and Calvinistic thinkers have not been alone in holding that rational and possible liberty is the same thing with rational and willing submission to necessity. The highest liberty for Vane was intelligent and willing submission to the law of God, as the highest liberty for Mr. Huxley, Mr. Spencer, and Mr. Bain is intelligent submission to the law of Evolution. The ordinances of the universe are contemplated, alike in both cases, as unalterable by man. Vane, however, held expressly that "God is in His being the highest reason." These are his words, quoted from his treatise, "Concerning Eternal Life." If it is the blasphemy of blasphemies, as Vane would have affirmed, to deny that the Almighty must, by necessity of nature, proceed "in such manner as is exactly consistent with the wisdom and justice of a most holy God," the greatest happiness of the greatest number throughout the universe seems likely enough to be brought about by His government. The *will* of the Infinite Reason *must* be reasonable, of the Infinite Justice just, of the Infinite Love loving. If, as has been maintained by some, Vane held the theory of universal salvation as held by Origen, no theory of the universe could have been either more sublime or more joyous than his; but I have seen no evidence under his own hand or from his own lip to this effect, and I have seen writing of his which appears to be inconsistent with Origen's opinion. Like the rest of the Puritans, he was over-shadowed, in his entire mental structure, in his entire speculative activity, by the reigning idea of the age that it is irreverent and sinful in the finite being to scan, with frank, honest, open intelligence, the laws purporting to be given him by the Creator. Those laws, Vane and his Puritan contemporaries believed, had been in-

fallibly revealed, and had been summed up in the Bible. If we discard this belief, we shall find a good deal in the thinking of Vane which is obsolete and untenable; but if we want to understand our ancestors, we must guard against substituting the inferences and prepossessions of modernism for what they thought and felt. Discipline strict as that of Sparta was, to their minds, consistent with liberty, but license they deemed as unlike it as a drunk Helot was unlike Leonidas. The mutinous fool, who fancied himself an apostle of liberty and proceeded to act on the persuasion, had a pistol bullet through his head.

In the business of remodelling the army, Vane acted with Cromwell, and when the king got his finishing defeat at Naseby, and throughout the tiresome and fruitless negotiations between Charles and the Parliament, the two friends continued of one mind. What sealed the doom of Charles, as we saw in treating of Cromwell, was that, after Montrose's Highlanders had been cut to pieces by David Leslie's horsemen at Philipaugh, after Alexander Leslie's army had recrossed the Tweed, when the Parliament anxiously desired to come to terms with the King, and Cromwell was willing to undertake what would have been even for him the difficult problem of securing the consent of the army to the arrangement, Charles deliberately ordered the veins of England to be opened for new blood-letting. When Cromwell returned victorious from the campaign of Preston, he and his army were inflexibly resolved that Charles should die. They were not careful to answer the Presbyterians as to the political consequences of their act, but they were certain that it was their duty to execute the Lord's vengeance on this man. The Presbyterian majority in Parliament stood fast by the King, demanding that the interminable treaty-making should be resumed. Vane headed the minority and tried hard to get a vote, not that Charles should be brought to trial, but that the Parliament should no longer negotiate with him. Vane was defeated. Then he paused, for his imperious instincts of constitutionalism and order forbade him to quell by the sword the representatives of the people. Cromwell did not pause. About a hundred members were violently excluded from the House. Vane long after described this as a "great violation of privileges." He did not resist or protest, but he could not approve. He flitted off into temporary

retirement. "This," he says, referring to the violation, "made me forbear to come to the Parliament for the space of ten weeks (to wit, from the 3rd of December, 1648, till towards the middle of February following) or to meddle in any public transactions." He expressly adds, "neither had I, in the least, any consent in, or approbation to," the death of the king; "but on the contrary, when required by the Parliament to take an oath to give my approbation *ex post facto* to what was done, I utterly refused and would not accept of sitting in the Council of State upon these terms, but occasioned a new oath to be drawn, wherein that was omitted." During his absence Charles was beheaded.

Vane's temporary withdrawal from public life at this crisis was characteristic. He was, as he said, "tender of blood." He was intensely regardful of constitutional regularity. Speculatively he had gone step for step with Cromwell, and now the question had been whether a Parliamentary majority should be allowed to sacrifice, or at least to imperil, all that Cromwell had won in internecine quarrel at the pike-point with that very party of Presbyterian Royalists with which the Presbyterians of the House were believed by Vane as well as Cromwell to be in sympathy. There are Revolutions and Revolutions. Those of the highest order have in all countries a revolutionary method; and Cromwell perceived that the necessity which legitimizes the revolutionary method had in this instance arisen. Even if we pronounce Vane right in withdrawing from the House when he caught sight of Pride's musqueteers, we shall have made out for him but half an apology. Had he stood on the defensive; had he proclaimed to England that, though he had opposed the Presbyterian members to the utmost, he would join them in vindicating the privileges of Parliament; his conduct would have been consistent and bold. But to flit away in the hour of peril and difficulty, and to flit back when the central agony was past, must be pronounced the part of a second-rate man.

Let us, however, avoid the mistake of supposing that because a man is not absolutely of the first order, is not a Cæsar or a Cromwell, he cannot be highly remarkable or worthy of admiration. At all events, let us understand Vane's position. His purpose, says Godwin, "was a Republic." Vane never, to my knowledge, made such an admission. His own

words on the subject are explicit. "That which I have had in my eye hath been to preserve the ancient, well-constituted government of England on its own basis and primitive righteous foundations." Power, he held, resides primarily in the whole people; by the constitution of England this power is vested in three estates, King, Lords, Commons: "when these cannot agree, but break one from another, the Commons in Parliament assembled are *ex officio* the keepers of the liberties of the nation." Accordingly, "when, by the inordinate fire of the times, two of the three estates were for a season melted down, they did but retire into their root, and were not thereby destroyed but rather preserved." He thought it his duty "to preserve the Government, at least in its root, whatever changes and alterations it might be exposed unto in its branches." After an interval which he variously describes as of six weeks and of ten weeks duration, he returned to his place in Parliament, and became a member of the Council of State under the Commonwealth.

It was now the spring of 1649, and nearly three eventful years were still to pass before the sword of civil war was sheathed. The first was the year of Tredah and Wexford, the second the year of Dunbar, the third the year of Worcester. During this time we are to conceive Vane as incomparable in administrative energy and in financial resource. We picture him also as of antique heroism in refusing to be enriched for his public services, and of a beautiful Christian tenderness in dealing with delinquents. The sure way to provoke his opposition to any scheme was to attempt to bribe him. Any hint of such a thing put him on his guard, and he was likely to be a far more dangerous opponent than he might otherwise have been. The interested and rapacious members—and there were several such—had no more formidable antagonist. When a mean or harsh thing was attempted he rushed to the front to defeat the cruelty or to baffle the job. He was consummate, now and afterwards, in the discharge of every Parliamentary and administrative duty. All writers admit that it was his superlative management of naval affairs that taught Van Tromp, "the best captain in the world," says exultant Algernon Sydney, to take down from his mast-head the broom with which he had been metaphorically sweeping the English Channel, and to use it for sweeping his own decks

when the scuppers spouted Dutch blood shed by the guns of Blake.

Mr. Carlyle has an exceedingly clever sketch of Vane, executed on the principle uniformly observed by that great literary artist, of throwing every other figure on his canvas into shade and subordination, as compared with his hero. The perfect justice of Shakespearian art, in which the Brutus is not exalted at the expense of the Cæsar, or the Cæsar at the expense of the Brutus,—the perfect beauty of Turnerian art of which the highest light is white, and the shade, says Mr. Ruskin, is not black, but crimson—have not been attained by Mr. Carlyle. His sketch of Vane is just in attributing to him exquisite intellectual subtlety, and denying him the regal strength of Cromwell; it is unjust in leaving the final impression that Vane was, but a thin intellectualist, capable of nothing better than splitting dialectical hairs. "I want twisted cordage." And could not Blake have mentioned a kind of cordage not spun from moonshine, which Vane understood the twisting of? "A man of endless virtues, and of endless intellect; but you must not very specially ask, How or Where? Vane was the friend of Milton: that is almost the only answer that can be given." Vane's life for ten years was a continual doing of things which only one man in a thousand could have done; specifically take three items in answer to, the How or Where? He managed the negotiations with the King as the Parliamentary head of that party which was in concert with Cromwell; he formed the alliance which brought the Scots into England in 1644 and saved the cause on Marston Moor; and he made the navy invincible under Blake. True, he was Milton's friend; and the man to whom Milton addressed a sonnet was likely to be something more than "an amiable, devoutly zealous, very pretty man:" but Vane was for fifteen years, and *such* years as Mr. Carlyle knows, the friend of another besides Milton, to wit, Oliver Cromwell. "A man, one rather finds, of light fibre this Sir Harry Vane." On the eve of the battle of Dunbar, at the darkest moment he had ever experienced, Cromwell wrote apprising Sir Arthur Haselrig of his extreme peril. He named one man in Parliament, and but one to whom the gravity of the situation was to be laid bare. "Let H. Vane know what I write." The man of whom Oliver Cromwell wrote this, on the 2nd of September, 1650, was

assuredly no man of "light fibre." Not even the ingenuity of Mr. Carlyle, however, can frame too strong a statement as to the speculative subtlety and dialectical pertinacity of Vane.

The personal friendship and political association of Cromwell and Vane began, I suppose, to relax soon after the battle of Worcester in September, 1651; but there was no actual rupture until, in April, 1653, Cromwell turned the Long Parliament into the street. During the intervening months the two men had been gradually assuming the lead of antagonistic parties, but neither appears to have relinquished, until almost the moment of forcible dissolution, hope that they should be able to act in concert. Cromwell and his party called for a settlement, involving a dissolution of the Parliament. Vane admitted that the Parliament could not last for ever, but was anxious that the seats of a proportion of its members should be secured in the new Parliament, and still more anxious that the affair should be carried through under Parliamentary authority.

The chiefs of the Cromwell party and those of the Vane party had been in conference. Cromwell alleged that Vane had promised, when the meeting broke up, that nothing should be done without further negotiations. I fancy that no express promise had been given, or that the impetuous Republicans who acted with Vane, perceiving that Cromwell was bent on inducing the Parliament to ask him to take the business in hand, determined over-night to hurry on the Bill for a regular Parliamentary dissolution. At all events Cromwell heard next morning, that a Bill for the election of a new Parliament was being pressed through all its stages. His own statement was that members, who formerly had seemed determined on keeping their seats for ever, were now rushing into dissolution and a general election with a hot haste which would ruin all. He proceeded to the House and put an end to the debate and the Parliament. Vane, overwhelmed with grief and astonishment, appealed to Cromwell, but the sole reply was a prayer that the Lord would deliver him from Sir Harry Vane. The precise purport of the Act which was before the House is not known. Cromwell got hold of it and put it in his pocket. There is, however, sufficient evidence that, in endeavouring to restore the framework of the constitution, he made use of the project of Vane.

Vane entertained no misgivings, as to

what duty required of him at this juncture. Cromwell's proceeding he regarded as "usurpation," as the plucking up of Parliamentary liberty "by the very roots," as the introduction of an "arbitrary Regal Power, under the name of Protector, by force and the law of the sword." In the prime of his years and energies, he retired from public life. Believing that Cromwell had been false to his conscience and to the cause, he refused to countenance him. The sacrifice he made was great. Honour, activity, eminence could, he was well aware, be purchased by one unequivocal sign of submission; and none knew better than he the terrors of Cromwell's frown. Until virtue becomes a jest, the moral grandeur of his position at this time will receive the homage of mankind.

The view of the relative positions of Vane and Cromwell in those years, which, after careful examination of what the two men said or wrote for themselves, and consideration of other evidence bearing on the subject, I have adopted, is one which, to the best of my knowledge, has not been taken by any previous writer. The case was simply one of misunderstanding. Cromwell and Vane were both honest, and they aimed at one and the same thing; but they could not see eye to eye, and there was no reconciler wise enough and tender enough to mediate between them. The principal grounds for this conclusion will now be placed before the reader.

In March, 1656, when he had been in power for about three years, Cromwell proclaimed a fast. There was much discontent abroad; the burdens of his place were pressing hard upon him; and with the simple-heartedness of a Puritan Joshua or David, he gave the Godly this opportunity for "applying themselves to the Lord to discover the Achan, who had so long obstructed the settlement of these distracted Kingdoms." Vane issued a pamphlet, in which he suggested an answer to Oliver's question. Vane's biographers represent the piece as a defiance, and are enraptured with the sublime effrontery which tells Cromwell to his face that *he* is the Achan who troubles Israel. This is mere vulgar modernism. The pamphlet, carefully read, is found to be an overture towards reconciliation. The course it points out, as that which ought to be taken in order that the desired settlement may be attained, is firmly and distinctly defined; but the tone is earnestly, and even affectionately, re-

spectful to Cromwell. During the three years of his government there had, says Vane, been "great silence in Heaven, as if God were pleased to stand still and be a looker on," to see what his people would make of it in England. "And as God hath had the silent part, so man, and that good men too, have had the active and busy part, and have, like themselves, made a great sound and noise, like the shout of a King in a mighty host." No great harm, he admits, has as yet been done, but "fear and jealousy" have been occasioned, and the "risk of great confusions and disorders" has been incurred. What, then, is the evil thing? It is that the strait gate and narrow way of Parliamentary method have been departed from. It is that what has been done has not been done by Parliamentary order. Vane does not demand a Republic. "That branch of sovereignty which chiefly respects the execution of laws," may, he says, be "entrusted into the hands of one single person, if need require. . . . And all disobedience thereunto, or contempt thereof, be taken as done to the people's sovereignty." All the world knew, and none knew better than Vane, that if there was to be a sovereign appointed at this time in England, that sovereign could be only Cromwell. Vane, both before and after this period, proved himself an ardent maintainer of the position that not only this or that Stuart king, but the family as a whole, had been rejected by God from reigning over England. What has just been quoted must mean, therefore, that he has no objections either to monarchy in the abstract or to Cromwell as monarch. He grants further that "the very persons now in power" are those to set about the new arrangement. A "General Council or Convention" shall, he proposes, be summoned, "by order from the present ruling power." How, then, is liberty, incarnated in Parliament, to be preserved? The question can be explicitly answered in Vane's own words. The Convention is to be called by Cromwell, "but considered as General of the Army." These last words are Vane's formula for the salvation of the State. The Long Parliament was to be regarded as still undissolved, and Cromwell was to act by its authority.

Let us now turn to Cromwell. He had proceeded in singularly minute accordance with Vane's scheme. He had instituted a Council; he had called a Convention. He had professed himself bent upon preserving the constitutional liber-

ties and Parliamentary forms of England. He had told his Parliament that he had hastened to lay down the sword, retaining it not for one hour longer than absolute necessity commanded. He had told them with stammering earnestness and iteration that they were a *free* Parliament; he had divested himself of all legislative power; he had treated it as a matter of course that the Parliament should have control of the purse; he had spoken of his own authority as purely magisterial; and he had suggested the almost incredibly bold, but intensely constitutional, measure of reducing the army to 10,000 foot and 5000 horse. If there was to be a monarch in England at all, and if he were to be armed with sufficient executive power to render it possible for him to maintain the Puritan interest, he could not have been more scrupulously constitutional than Oliver had proposed to be to his first Parliament.

The two men, therefore, were seeking to attain essentially the same thing. They differed as to the way in which the goal could be reached. They were both constitutional pedants, if the profession of a supreme regard for Parliament as the ultimate representative of English freedom, is constitutional pedantry. Cromwell would have considered it a sinister compliment to be told, with whatever allusion to the immensities, eternities, and divine radiances, that he had superseded the Parliamentary constitution of England. It was a fundamental idea with the Pym, Hampden, and Cromwells of that age that the political personality of a nation, constitutionally represented, is a higher thing than the combined will and wisdom of the best of despots. Nor, I think, would they have assented to Mr. Carlyle's declaration that Cromwell's stronger hold on "the Concrete" proved him to be a greater man than Vane, or that Vane's supreme estimation of "the Abstract" argued him an inferior man to Cromwell. In "the Concrete," Mr. Carlyle insists, "lies the Perennial." Does it? Is it not expressly upon extracting the soul or kernel of "the Concrete" and garnering it up as abstract truth that human progress, social, moral, political, depends? The man Moses lived and died; why has not his inspiration become as much a secret as his grave? Because the abstract truth which he embodied in a simple moral code has been a treasure of the race for three thousand years, and to this day enables the simplest soul, from Ur of the Chaldees to

San Francisco, to decide off-hand that the thief, the liar, the blasphemer, are social pests and enemies. The history of the East has, to a large extent, been the history of individual men of genius. Many of them have been heroic. They have raised armies, welded together empires, been adored by their subjects; but when they died their empires fell to pieces. The East, pre-eminently the land of hero-worship, has not progressed. The West has had great men; great men are indispensable to advancing civilization: but the West has not worshipped them; she has honoured and prized them, learned their methods, formulized their wisdom: therefore the West has been the land of progress. Mr. Carlyle congratulates himself that mankind cannot fall below hero-worship. I am not so sure of that; but the grand point is to rise above it. Hero-worship is the rudest and most widely diffused of all virtues. We have it in perfection in the animal races. The strongest buffalo in the herd, the strongest cock in the brood, has no difficulty in being recognized tyrant, and in slaying or banishing rivals. This is hero-worship pure and simple; this is imperialism in its native, naked, savage grandeur: and it is because man has risen above such hero-worship that he has vindicated himself, to some extent, against the dark wrath, and bitter cruelty, and tyrannical strength of primeval nature. There is one thing, indeed, worse than the tyrannical reign of one strong man hero-worshipped by his subjects; to wit, the reign of multitudinous simpletons, worshipping charlatans. In ages when an enormous number of persons, whom "nature meant plain fools," are turned by education of the tongue into "coxcombs," and go about Europe raving and reciting against order, discipline, obedience, and law, the inspiration of a Carlyle was required to remind us that hero-worship is not so bad as incapacity to respect anything. Licence and anarchy are scientifically definable as liberty fallen into idiocy or madness. When mutiny passes itself off on all hands as liberty, it is a magnificent contribution to the instructing influences of the time to unveil Cromwell as an honest and magnanimous restorer of order. But the elementary principles of political science must not be shattered on the glittering rocks of individualism; and the lesson of England's great Revolution was not the duty and importance of hero-worship, but something far deeper than that.

To return, however, from this digression, may we not pronounce it a curious, interesting, and, perhaps, unprecedented situation in which we find Cromwell and Vane? Remember that, apart from all constitutional theories, the men had been knit together by the sympathy of a lofty spiritual enthusiasm for the Puritan cause. Both were men of faith and prayer; of infinite mystical ardour; who had stood side by side in long years of toil and danger, brothers in a sacred band, elect soldiers of Christ, who had given the Kingdom to the Saints by an inalienable title. There is something tragical in their severance through a mere misunderstanding—a mere misconception by each of the position of the other. The greatest speculative politician of the age is desirous of co-operating with its greatest practical politician in securing the reign of the Saints and in making England free. And what, on Vane's own showing, keeps them apart? Simply this, that the speculative genius would have the practical genius do over again what he had done three years before, only he is to be "considered" as not the Parliament's dissolver, but the chief of the Army. Had the men looked into each other's faces, taken each other's hands, recalled the memories of their long and glorious friendship, with all its trials and all its trust; had Cromwell, his eyes streaming as they often did, with tears, his features sparkling with sincerity and earnestness, told Vane that a sense of necessity, imperious as the inspiration of the Almighty, had impelled him to dissolve the Parliament, and that, in doing so, he had "considered" himself the servant of the English people; a reconciliation might surely have taken place. Possibly not. Cromwell was choleric, Vane ineffably self-complacent, interminably argumentative. "We want to cook our omelette," says Cromwell, "and on the same receipt. Don't we?" "Yes," answers Vane; "but there is another thing essential. We must break no constitutional eggs." "We must break them if the cooking of our omelette is a necessity; but never mind that; the eggs were broken three years ago; are you going to pour the omelette into the fire in order to get back the eggs?" "In a constitutional egg I distinguish between the material form and the ideal type. The material eggs have been broken; but if we only understand that, through all the accidents of circumstance, through all Dissolutions and Protectorates, the im-

portal type has remained inviolate; if, in short, we regard the events of the three last years as non-existent, and fall back upon the authority of Parliament, the eggs shall be unbroken." "Can any man understand such fancies? You are a juggler after all. The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!"

Thus an interview *might* have ended, though there was always the chance that a peal of laughter would break the strange enchantment. Cromwell and Vane never came to know how near they stood to one another. A moment's reflection will show that, *except* in a personal interview, there was no hope for Vane's reasoning. In what I take to have been the simple honesty of his heart, he asked Fleetwood to put his pamphlet into Oliver's hand, and I cannot adopt Mr. Forster's suggestion that Fleetwood never did so. Reading the piece and brooding over it, Cromwell was safe to be incensed. Were the many wonderful appearances of God in the last three years to be wiped from human remembrance? Was the inspiration of the Almighty, after He had been long sought in prayer, to be deemed of less authority than a figment of constitutional logic? In one part of the pamphlet Vane suggests, with what he intends for tender civility, that, though Cromwell has yielded to severe temptation once, all may yet be well. He delicately but inexorably takes it for granted that Cromwell has been self-seeking. Oliver can be proved to have taken as much as this in good part when an old friend gave it him face to face. Mrs. Hutchinson says that he was effusively contrite when he was told as much by her husband. But in the depths of his heart Cromwell was proud; his conscience was clear; and he would have felt that Henry Vane, whose name had so often been coupled with his own in "detraction rude," ought to have known him better than to attribute to him what was, after all, but vulgar ambition. Vane failed here, as he always failed, from lack of the practical instinct; also it must, I think, be added, from his not rising to the conception of an ambition which is not ignoble, an ambition which scorns pageantry and all that the crowd thinks sweet in kingship, an ambition to fill the place in which the work of a king is to be done, work necessary for great ends, and which none else can perform. Vane missed his mark by a hair's-breadth, but such a miss was as bad as a mile. Cromwell treated him as a dangerous and perverse dreamer, and Vane, till his

death-day, thought that Cromwell had betrayed the cause. In the autumn of 1656 he was thrown into Carisbrook Castle, and remained a prisoner for about four months.

There was now but one proof that Oliver could offer in addition to those already given that his supremacy was necessary to guard the life of Puritanism in England—namely, his death. Some months after Vane's release from confinement he died. It was September, 1657, and for nearly two years Vane and the Republicans were to try what they could do for their cause, now that the usurper impeded them no more. Vane was returned to Richard's Parliament, and the Republicans rallied round him as their chief. It is a proof that he was not wedded to the forms of a Republic, but that his fixed and unchangeable idea was that the soul of freedom lay in the authority of Parliament, that he favoured the notion of the Parliament's "adopting" Richard, and thus giving him a valid title. Between the army and the Parliament, however, poor dawdling Dick was badgered into abdication. Securing a reasonable supply of victual, he retired into profound obscurity, and continued to vegetate until he was eighty-six. The meteor of the Heavens had flamed itself out in fifty-eight years; the tallow-candle shed its meek illumination for upwards of four score. Richard having gone, Vane had his will to the letter. "The representative body," he said, "never dies, whoever dies." Well, here once more was the immortal Rump. Had Pride's sword, instead of leaving that considerable part of the indestructible animal, cut it down to the point of the tail, still would the fiery particle have continued to burn therein, and liberty to live in England. Alas! the immortal formula could not breathe the chill air of reality. Eurydice, poising herself with difficulty on her limp legs, cast a wan glance on her forlorn Orpheus, and wavered back into the shades. Oliver had been right after all. Counter-revolution came, surging up like an Atlantic tide, and the storm winds began to sing. Vane, who saw whither the waves were tending, cast in his lot with the officers and the army. Here lay now the last hope for the old cause. But why despair? Were there not many men of valour, men of might and repute, each thinking himself not so much worse a soldier than Cromwell? Were there not Lambert, Fleetwood, Ludlow, and were not the Ironsides still here? Woe's me!

The angel of victory hung with drooping plumes, and eyes fixed as in death-swoon, over Oliver's grave. Even the Ironsides found their occupation gone. Lambert, Mr. Bisset almost thinks, won Dunbar for Cromwell, but he could win no battles for himself. Indomitable Ludlow, with his face of stolid self-sufficiency, might have heard the very sedges of the Irish bogs, where he had been extremely victorious and rather cruel, whispering that he was an ass. In a state, I have no doubt of perfect logical complacency, but practical distraction, Vane tried soldiering, headed a regiment, and was cheered as he rode before his men in Southwark. It was a vain show. Monk, who cared not a tobacco-quid about Puritanism, but was a lover of order, found that he must arrange matters. By a fantasy of fate, out of Scotland, whence, conjured by Laud, the Revolution had first come, marched the army which brought settlement. Cromwell's logic proved sternly right; he alone could keep out Charles II.; and Vane found himself once more a close prisoner, with worse prospects than when he had been confined in Carisbrook.

He employed himself principally in composition. Among other things, he wrote a treatise of some length, "Concerning Eternal Life." I resolutely tried to read it, and made progress, but am compelled to own myself beaten. The style is clear; the ideas are not separately difficult to apprehend; but the subtlety of the distinctions, the multiplicity of the subsidiary clauses and qualifications, the marvellous complexity of the whole, added to a certain monotonous, silvery flow of language, lend it a higher mesmerizing power than any book I have ever tried. In the forenoon, under the influence of strong tea, and with an alarm-clock to go off at your ear every twenty minutes, you might make something of it; I have been too signally defeated to try again. There is no end to Vane's distinctions. He distinguishes between the creation of the soul and the creation of the body; between the "state of being" which the heavens and the earth had before being created, and that into which they were created; between the male and female principles, created complete in Adam before Eve appeared. In the opinion of a creation of all things first in idea and then in fact there is obviously an after-glow of Platonism; and is not that queer notion about male and female in Adam a kind of anticipation of one of the most curious

and startling suggestions of Darwin? Of God Vane says that He "cannot but will good, as of his own nature bound up unto it." This is the fundamental postulate of Calvinism.

After two years' grievous imprisonment, Vane was brought to trial. Parliament had petitioned in his favour; Charles had promised to spare his life; but "the word of a king" of the Stuart race was not likely to inspire much confidence in Vane. Hallam pronounces his defence valid against the charge of high treason, on the principle of English law that submission to a government *de facto* is not a crime. Twice he had either tacitly or expressly assented to the abolition of the kingly office in England; once a few months after the proclamation of the Commonwealth, when Parliament passed a Bill to that effect, and once when he brought in a report in the same sense to the House of Commons, after the death of Cromwell; but he would, no doubt, have maintained that, on neither occasion was he answerable for the action of Parliament, and that on both he had agreed only that kingship should be in abeyance. I think it probable that his stubborn insistence, before his judges, on the doctrine that the House of Commons is the vital part of the body politic in England, not the House of Lords and not the Monarch, gave mortal offence to Charles. At all events the King declared him a dangerous person, and left him to his doom.

His last days and hours were marked by complete moral triumph. The serene invincibility of a soul that had not consciously stooped to evil, that had not sinned against the light, that had chosen pain and dishonour and all that the world calls failure, rather than be untrue to itself or sully its rectitude, shone in his face and spoke in his whole demeanour. When he was being drawn on a "sled" through the precincts of the Tower to the place of execution on Tower Hill, he said with a smile, that he had "never been better in his life." From roof and window grave and sorrowful Puritan faces waived greetings towards him, "The Lord go with you! The Great God of Heaven and Earth appear in you and for you!" He took off his hat and mildly bowed his thanks. "The Lord Jesus go with your dear soul!" said the crowd in the way as he passed. He was in a black suit with silk waistcoat of scarlet — "the victorious colour," says the old reporter. He would have spoken much on the scaffold; for the ineffable dialectical complacency continued, and

he was ready to prove that he had always been perfectly right ; but the trumpeters were ordered to "murre" derisively in his face, and drown his voice ; his documents were snatched from his hand ; and with a brutal rudeness, which shocked the crowd, the officials rifled his pockets for papers. All this was exquisitely fitted to agonize him. But the heavenly sunshine that enveloped his soul was never disturbed. Not a nerve quivered in lip or finger. He laid his head on the block with the placidity of a child falling asleep. His last words were, "Father, glorify thy servant in the sight of men, that he may glorify Thee in the discharge of his duty to Thee and to his country." An onlooker, who had been a curious observer of executions, declared that his countenance did not in the least change, and that his head alone, of all he had seen in the same circumstances, did not make any motion after severance, but lay perfectly still. Cromwell died in his bed, with his family round him ; but the deathbed of Cromwell was not so calm as the scaffold of Vane.

Constitutional logic has not made a single step in advance of the fundamental positions of Vane. No possible political development can outrun the sovereignty of the people, administered by officers appointed by the people's intelligent will. This was his essential principle, although it was complicated, and at times perhaps obscured, by the opinion that Christ had bestowed an inalienable freedom, an inalienable sovereignty, upon believers. The political history of Great Britain since his death has been explicitly and literally the working out, in practical application and full and final recognition, of his doctrine that the seat of English liberty, the root of English sovereignty, is the House of Commons. It is one of the most cruel arrangements of destiny that a man is seldom so well known to his contemporaries as to posterity ; we are now able to do more justice to Cromwell than Vane was, and to Vane than Cromwell was ; and we can see that Cromwell might have done more for his country if Vane had co-operated with him : but let us not be hard upon Vane for forfeiting such a friendship as the Protector's, and erecting his own scaffold, rather than countenance even Oliver Cromwell in dealing rudely with the Parliament of England.

PETER BAYNE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

CHAPTER VI.

THERE is generally a brisk exhilaration of spirits in the return to any special amusement or light accomplishment, associated with the pleasant memories of earlier youth ; and remarkably so, I believe, when the amusement or accomplishment has been that of the amateur stage-player. Certainly I have known persons of very grave pursuits, of very dignified character and position, who seem to regain the vivacity of boyhood when disguising look and voice for a part in some drawing-room comedy or charade. I might name statesmen of solemn repute rejoicing to raise and to join in a laugh at their expense in such travesty of their habitual selves.

The reader must not, therefore, be surprised, nor, I trust, deem it inconsistent with the more serious attributes of Graham's character, if the Englishman felt the sort of joyous excitement I describe, as, in his way to the *Café Jean Jacques*, he meditated the rôle he had undertaken ; and the joyousness was heightened beyond the mere holiday sense of humorous pleasantry by the sanguine hope that much to affect his lasting happiness might result from the success of the object for which his disguise was assumed.

It was just twenty minutes past nine when he arrived at the *Café Jean Jacques*. He dismissed the *fiacre* and entered. The apartment devoted to customers comprised two large rooms. The first was the *café* properly speaking ; the second, opening on it, was the billiard-room. Conjecturing that he should probably find the person of whom he was in quest employed at the billiard-table, Graham passed thither at once. A tall man, who might be seven-and-forty, with a long black beard slightly grizzled, was at play with a young man of perhaps twenty-eight, who gave him odds—as better players of twenty-eight ought to give odds to a player, though originally of equal force, whose eye is not so quick, whose hand is not so steady, as they were twenty years ago. Said Graham to himself, "The bearded man is my *Vicomte*." He called for a cup of coffee, and seated himself on a bench at the end of the room.

The bearded man was far behind in the game. It was his turn to play ; the balls were placed in the most awkward position

for him. Graham himself was a fair billiard-player, both in the English and the French game. He said to himself, "No man who can make a cannon there should accept odds." The bearded man made a cannon; the bearded man continued to make cannons; the bearded man did not stop till he had won the game. The gallery of spectators was enthusiastic. Taking care to speak in very bad, very English, French, Graham expressed to one of the enthusiasts seated beside him his admiration of the bearded man's playing, and ventured to ask if the bearded man were a professional or an amateur player.

"Monsieur," replied the enthusiast, taking a short cutty-pipe from his mouth; "it is an amateur, who has been a great player in his day, and is so proud that he always takes less odds than he ought of a younger man. It is not once in a month that he comes out as he has done to-night; but to-night he has steadied his hand. He has had six *petits verres*."

"Ah, indeed! Do you know his name?"

"I should think so; he buried my father, my two aunts, and my wife."

"Buried?" said Graham, more and more British in his accent; "I don't understand."

"Monsieur, you are English."

"I confess it."

"And a stranger to the Faubourg Montmartre."

"True."

"Or you would have heard of M. Giraud, the liveliest member of the State Company for conducting funerals. They are going to play *La Poule*."

Much disconcerted, Graham retreated into the *café*, and seated himself haphazard at one of the small tables. Glancing round the room, he saw no one in whom he could conjecture the once brilliant Vicomte.

The company appeared to him sufficiently decent, and especially what may be called local. There were some *blouses* drinking wine, no doubt of the cheapest and thinnest; some in rough, coarse dresses, drinking beer. These were evidently English, Belgian, or German artisans. At one table, four young men, who looked like small journeymen, were playing cards. At three other tables, men older, better dressed, probably shopkeepers, were playing dominoes. Graham scrutinized these last, but among them all could detect no one corresponding to his ideal of the Vicomte de Mauléon.

"Probably," thought he, "I am too

late, or perhaps he will not be here this evening. At all events, I will wait a quarter of an hour." Then, the *garçon* approaching his table, he deemed it necessary to call for something, and still, in strong English accent, asked for lemonade and an evening journal. The *garçon* nodded, and went his way. A monsieur at the round table next his own politely handed to him the "Galignani," saying in very good English, though unmistakably the good English of a Frenchman, "The English journal, at your service."

Graham bowed his head, accepted the "Galignani," and inspected his courteous neighbour. A more respectable-looking man no Englishman could see in an English country town. He wore an unpretending flaxen wig, with limp whiskers that met at the chin, and might originally have been the same colour as the wig, but were now of a pale grey, — no beard, no moustache. He was dressed with the scrupulous cleanliness of a sober citizen, — a high white neckcloth, with a large old-fashioned pin, containing a little knot of hair, covered with glass or crystal, and bordered with a black framework, in which were inscribed letters — evidently a mourning pin, hallowed to the memory of lost spouse or child, — a man who, in England, might be the mayor of a cathedral town, at least the town-clerk. He seemed suffering from some infirmity of vision, for he wore green spectacles. The expression of his face was very mild and gentle; apparently he was about sixty years old — somewhat more.

Graham took kindly to his neighbour, insomuch that, in return for the "Galignani," he offered him a cigar, lighting one himself.

His neighbour refused politely.

"*Merci!* I never smoke — never; *mon médecin* forbids it. If I could be tempted, it would be by an English cigar. Ah, how you English beat us in all things — your ships, your iron, your *tabac* — which you do not grow!"

This speech, rendered literally as we now render it, may give the idea of a somewhat vulgar speaker. But there was something in the man's manner, in his smile, in his courtesy, which did not strike Graham as vulgar; on the contrary, he thought within himself, "How instinctive to all Frenchmen good breeding is!"

Before, however, Graham had time to explain to his amiable neighbour the politico-economical principle according to which England, growing no tobacco, had

tobacco much better than France which did grow it, a rosy middle-aged monsieur made his appearance, saying hurriedly to Graham's neighbour, "I'm afraid I'm late, but there is still a good half-hour before us if you will give me my revenge."

"Willingly, M. Georges. *Garçon*, the dominoes."

"Have you been playing at billiards?" asked M. Georges.

"Yes, two games."

"With success?"

"I won the first, and lost the second through the defect of my eyesight; the game depended on a stroke which would have been easy to an infant—I missed it."

Here the dominoes arrived, and M. Georges began shuffling them; the other turned to Graham and asked politely if he understood the game.

"A little, but not enough to comprehend why it is said to require so much skill."

"It is chiefly an affair of memory with me; but M. Georges, my opponent, has the talent of combination, which I have not."

"Nevertheless," replied M. Georges, gruffly, "you are not easily beaten; it is for you to play first, M. Lebeau."

Graham almost started. Was it possible! This mild, limp-whiskered, flaxen-wigged man, Victor Mauléon, the Don Juan of his time; the last person in the room he should have guessed. Yet, now examining his neighbour with more attentive eye, he wondered at his stupidity in not having recognized at once the *ci-devant gentilhomme* and *beau garçon*. It happens frequently that our imagination plays us this trick; we form to ourselves an idea of some one eminent for good or for evil—a poet, a statesman, a general, a murderer, a swindler, a thief: the man is before us, and our ideas have gone into so different a groove that he does not excite a suspicion. We are told who he is, and immediately detect a thousand things that ought to have proved his identity.

Looking thus again with rectified vision at the false Lebeau, Graham observed an elegance and delicacy of feature which might, in youth, have made the countenance very handsome, and rendered it still good-looking, nay, prepossessing. He now noticed, too, the slight Norman accent, its native harshness of breadth subdued into the modulated tones which bespoke the habits of polished society. Above all, as M.

Lebeau moved his dominoes with one hand, not shielding his pieces with the other (as M. Georges warily did), but allowing it to rest carelessly on the table, he detected the hands of the French aristocrat; hands that had never done work—never (like those of the English noble of equal birth) been embrowned or freckled or roughened or enlarged by early practice in athletic sports; but hands seldom seen save in the higher circles of Parisian life—partly perhaps of hereditary formation, partly owing their texture to great care begun in early youth, and continued mechanically in after-life—with long taper fingers and polished nails; white and delicate as those of a woman, but not slight, not feeble; nervous and sinewy as those of a practised swordsman.

Graham watched the play, and Lebeau good-naturedly explained to him its complications as it proceeded; though the explanation, diligently attended to by M. Georges, lost Lebeau the game.

The dominoes were again shuffled, and during that operation M. Georges said, "By the way, M. Lebeau, you promised to find me a *locataire* for my second floor; have you succeeded?"

"Not yet. Perhaps you had better advertise in *Les Petites Affiches*. You ask too much for the *habitudes* of this neighbourhood—100 francs a-month."

"But the lodging is furnished, and well too, and has four rooms. One hundred francs are not much."

A thought flashed upon Graham—"Pardon, Monsieur," he said, "have you an *appartement de garçon* to let furnished?"

"Yes, Monsieur, a charming one. Are you in search of an apartment?"

"I have some idea of taking one, but only by the month. I am but just arrived at Paris, and I have business which may keep me here a few weeks. I do but require a bed-room and a small cabinet, and the rent must be modest. I am not a *milord*."

"I am sure we could arrange, Monsieur," said M. Georges, "though I could not well divide my *logement*. But 100 francs a-month is not much!"

"I fear it is more than I can afford; however, if you will give me your address, I will call and see the rooms,—say the day after to-morrow. Between this and then I expect letters which may more clearly decide my movements."

"If the apartments suit you," said M. Lebeau, "you will at least be in the

house of a very honest man, which is more than can be said of every one who lets furnished apartments. The house, too, has a *concierge*, with a handy wife who will arrange your rooms and provide you with coffee—or tea, which you English prefer—if you breakfast at home.”

Here M. Georges handed a card to Graham, and asked what hour he would call.

“About twelve, if that hour is convenient,” said Graham, rising. “I presume there is a restaurant in the neighbourhood where I could dine reasonably.”

“*Je crois bien*—half-a-dozen. I can recommend to you one where you can dine *en prince* for 30 sous. And if you are at Paris on business, and want any letters written in private, I can also recommend to you my friend here, M. Lebeau. Ay, and on affairs his advice is as good as a lawyer’s, and his fee a *bagatelle*.”

“Don’t believe all that M. Georges so flatteringly says of me,” put in M. Lebeau, with a modest half-smile, and in English. “I should tell you that I, like yourself, am recently arrived at Paris, having bought the business and goodwill of my predecessor in the apartment I occupy; and it is only to the respect due to his antecedents, and on the score of a few letters of recommendation which I bring from Lyons, that I can attribute the confidence shown to me, a stranger in this neighbourhood. Still I have some knowledge of the world, and I am always glad if I can be of service to the English. I love the English”—he said this with a sort of melancholy earnestness which seemed sincere; and then added in a more careless tone—“I have met with much kindness from them in the course of a checkered life.”

“You seem a very good fellow—in fact, a regular trump, M. Lebeau,” replied Graham, in the same language. “Give me your address. To say truth, I am a very poor French scholar, as you must have seen, and am awfully bothered how to manage some correspondence on matters with which I am intrusted by my employer, so that it is a lucky chance which has brought me acquainted with you.”

M. Lebeau inclined his head gracefully, and drew from a very neat morocco case a card, which Graham took and pocketed. Then he paid for his coffee and lemonade, and returned home well satisfied with the evening’s adventure.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next morning Graham sent for M. Renard, and consulted with that experienced functionary as to the details of the plan of action which he had revolved during the hours of a sleepless night.

“In conformity with your advice,” said he, “not to expose myself to the chance of future annoyance, by confiding to a man so dangerous as the false Lebeau my name and address, I propose to take the lodging offered to me, as Mr. Lamb, an attorney’s clerk, commissioned to get in certain debts, and transact other matters of business, on behalf of his employer’s clients. I suppose there will be no difficulty with the police in this change of name, now that passports for the English are not necessary?”

“Certainly not. You will have no trouble in that respect.”

“I shall thus be enabled very naturally to improve acquaintance with the professional letter-writer, and find an easy opportunity to introduce the name of Louise Duval. My chief difficulty, I fear, not being a practical actor, will be to keep up consistently the queer sort of language I have adopted, both in French and in English. I have too sharp a critic in a man so consummate himself in stage trick and disguise as M. Lebeau, not to feel the necessity of getting through my *rôle* as quickly as I can. Meanwhile, can you recommend me to some *magasin* where I can obtain a suitable change of costume? I can’t always wear a travelling suit, and I must buy linen of coarser texture than mine, and with the initials of my new name inscribed on it.”

“Quite right to study such details; I will introduce you to a *magasin* near the Temple, where you will find all you want.”

“Next, have you any friends or relations in the provinces unknown to M. Lebeau, to whom I might be supposed to write about debts or business matters, and from whom I might have replies?”

“I will think over it, and manage that for you very easily. Your letters shall find their way to me, and I will dictate the answers.”

After some further conversation on that business, M. Renard made an appointment to meet Graham at a *café* near the Temple later in the afternoon, and took his departure.

Graham then informed his *laquais de place* that, though he kept on his lodgings, he was going into the country for a few days, and should not want the man’s

services till he returned. He therefore dismissed and paid him off at once, so that the *laquais* might not observe, when he quitted his rooms the next day, that he took with him no change of clothes, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

GRAHAM VANE had been for some days in the apartment rented of M. Georges. He takes it in the name of Mr. Lamb—a name wisely chosen, less common than Thompson and Smith, less likely to be supposed an assumed name, yet common enough not to be able easily to trace it to any special family. He appears, as he had proposed, in the character of an agent employed by a solicitor in London to execute sundry commissions, and to collect certain outstanding debts. There is no need to mention the name of the solicitor; if there were, he could give the name of his own solicitor, to whose discretion he could trust implicitly. He dresses and acts up to his assumed character with the skill of a man, who, like the illustrious Charles Fox, has, though in private representations, practised the stage-play in which Demosthenes said the triple art of oratory consisted—who has seen a great deal of the world, and has that adaptability of intellect which knowledge of the world lends to one who is so thoroughly in earnest as to his end that he agrees to be sportive as to his means.

The kind of language he employs when speaking English to Lebeau is that suited to the rôle of a dapper young underling of vulgar mind habituated to vulgar companionships. I feel it due, if not to Graham himself, at least to the memory of the dignified orator whose name he inherits, so to modify and soften the hardy style of that peculiar diction in which he disguises his birth and disgraces his culture, that it is only here and there that I can venture to indicate the general tone of it. But in order to supply my deficiencies therein, the reader has only to call to mind the forms of phraseology which polite novelists in vogue, especially young-lady novelists ascribe to well-born gentlemen, and more emphatically to those in the higher ranks of the Peerage. No doubt Graham in his capacity of critic had been compelled to read, in order to review, those contributions to refined literature, and had familiarized himself to a vein of conversation abounding with "swell," and "stun-

ner," and "awfully jolly," in its libel on manners and outrage on taste.

He has attended nightly the *Café Jean Jacques*; he has improved acquaintance with M. Georges and M. Lebeau; he has played at billiards, he has played at dominoes, with the latter. He has been much surprised at the unimpeachable honesty which M. Lebeau has exhibited in both these games. In billiards, indeed, a man cannot cheat except by disguising his strength; it is much the same in dominoes,—it is skill, combined with luck, as in whist; but in whist there are modes of cheating which dominoes do not allow,—you can't mark a domino as you can a card. It was perfectly clear to Graham that M. Lebeau did not gain a livelihood by billiards or dominoes at the *Café Jean Jacques*. In the former he was not only a fair but a generous player. He played exceedingly well, despite his spectacles; but he gave, with something of a Frenchman's lofty *fanfaronnade*, larger odds to his adversary than his plan justified. In dominoes, where such odds could not well be given, he insisted on playing such small stakes as two or three francs might cover. In short, M. Lebeau puzzled Graham. All about M. Lebeau, his manner, his talk, was irreproachable, and baffled suspicion; except in this, Graham gradually discovered that the *café* had a quasi political character. Listening to talkers round him, he overheard much that might well have shocked the notions of a moderate Liberal; much that held in disdain the objects to which, in 1869, an English Radical directed his aspirations. Vote by ballot, universal suffrage, &c.—such objects the French had already attained. By the talkers at the *Café Jean Jacques* they were deemed to be the tricky contrivances of tyranny. In fact, the talk was more scornful of what Englishmen understand by radicalism or democracy than Graham ever heard from the lips of an ultra-Tory. It assumed a strain of philosophy far above the vulgar squabbles of ordinary party politicians—a philosophy which took for its fundamental principles the destruction of religion and of private property. These two objects seemed dependent the one on the other. The philosophers of the *Jean Jacques* held with that expounder of Internationalism, Eugene Dupont, "Nous ne voulons plus de religion, car les religions étouffent l'intelligence."* Now and then, indeed,

* Discours par Eugene Dupont à la Clôture du Congrès de Bruxelles, Sept. 3, 1868.

a dissentient voice was raised as to the existence of a Supreme Being, but, with one exception, it soon sank into silence. No voice was raised in defence of private property. These sages appeared for the most part to belong to the class of *ouvriers* or artisans. Some of them were foreigners — Belgian, German, English; all seemed well off for their calling. Indeed, they must have had comparatively high wages, to judge by their dress and the money they spent on regaling themselves. The language of several was well chosen, at times eloquent. Some brought with them women who seemed respectable, and who often joined in the conversation, especially when it turned upon the law of marriage as a main obstacle to all personal liberty and social improvement. If this was a subject on which the women did not all agree, still they discussed it, without prejudice and with admirable *sang froid*. Yet many of them looked like wives and mothers. Now and then a young journeyman brought with him a young lady of more doubtful aspect, but such a couple kept aloof from the others. Now and then, too, a man evidently of higher station than that of *ouvrier*, and who was received by the philosophers with courtesy and respect, joined one of the tables and ordered a bowl of punch for general participation. In such occasional visitors, Graham, still listening, detected a writer of the press; now and then, a small artist, or actor, or medical student. Among the *habitués* there was one man, an *ouvrier*, in whom Graham could not help feeling an interest. He was called Monnier, sometimes more familiarly Armand, his baptismal appellation. This man had a bold and honest expression of countenance. He talked like one who, if he had not read much, had thought much on the subjects the loved to discuss. He argued against the capital of employers quite as ably as Mr. Mill has argued against the right of property in land. He was still more eloquent against the laws of marriage and heritage. But his was the one voice not to be silenced in favor of a Supreme Being. He had at least the courage of his opinions, and was always thoroughly in earnest. M. Lebeau seemed to know this man, and honoured him with a nod and a smile, when passing by him to the table he generally occupied. This familiarity with a man of that class, and of opinions so extreme, excited Graham's curiosity. One evening he said to Lebeau, "A queer fellow that you have just nodded to."

"How so?"

"Well, he has queer notions."

"Notions shared, I believe, by many of your countrymen?"

"I should think not many. Those poor simpletons yonder may have caught them from their French fellow-workmen, but I don't think that even the *gobemouches* in our National Reform Society open their mouths to swallow such wasps."

"Yet I believe the association to which most of those *ouvriers* belong had its origin in England."

"Indeed! what association?"

"The International."

"Ah, I have heard of that."

Lebeau turned his green spectacles full on Graham's face as he said slowly, "And what do you think of it?"

Graham prudently checked the disparaging reply that first occurred to him, and said, "I know so little about it that I would rather ask you."

"I think it might become formidable if it found able leaders who knew how to use it. Pardon me—how came you to know of this *café*? Were you recommended to it?"

"No; I happened to be in this neighbourhood on business, and walked in, as I might into any other *café*."

"You don't interest yourself in the great social questions which are agitated below the surface of this best of all possible worlds?"

"I can't say that I trouble my head much about them."

"A game at dominoes before M. Georges arrives?"

"Willingly. Is M. Georges one of those agitators below the surface?"

"No indeed. It is for you to play."

Here M. Georges arrived, and no further conversation on political or social questions ensued.

Graham had already called more than once at M. Lebeau's office, and asked him to put into good French various letters on matters of business, the subjects of which had been furnished by M. Renard. The office was rather imposing and stately, considering the modest nature of M. Lebeau's ostensible profession. It occupied the entire ground-floor of a corner house, with a front-door at one angle and a back-door at the other. The ante-room to his cabinet, and in which Graham had generally to wait some minutes before he was introduced, was generally well filled, and not only by persons who, by their dress and outward appearance, might be fairly supposed sufficiently illit-

erate to require his aid as polite letter-writers—not only by servant-maids and *grisettes*, by sailors, zouaves, and journeymen workmen—but not unfrequently by clients evidently belonging to a higher, or at least a richer, class of society,—men with clothes made by a fashionable tailor—men, again, who, less fashionably attired, looked like opulent tradesmen and fathers of well-to-do families—the first generally young, the last generally middle-aged. All these denizens of a higher world were introduced by a saturnine clerk into M. Lebeau's reception-room very quickly, and in precedence of the *ouvriers* and *grisettes*.

"What can this mean?" thought Graham. "Is it really that this humble business avowed is the cloak to some political conspiracy concealed—the International Association?" And, so pondering, the clerk one day singled him from the crowd and admitted him into M. Lebeau's cabinet. Graham thought the time had now arrived when he might safely approach the subject that brought him to the Faubourg Montmartre.

"You are very good," said Graham, speaking in the English of a young earl in our elegant novels—"you are very good to let me in while you have so many swells and nobbs waiting for you in the other room. But I say, old fellow, you have not the cheek to tell me that they want you to correct their cocker or spoon for them by proxy?"

"Pardon me," answered M. Lebeau in French, "if I prefer my own language in replying to you. I speak the English I learned many years ago, and your language in the *beau monde*, to which you evidently belong, is strange to me. You are quite right, however, in your surmise that I have other clients than those who, like yourself, think I could correct their verbs or their spelling. I have seen a great deal of the world,—I know something of it, and something of the law; so that many persons come to me for advice and for legal information on terms more moderate than those of an *avocat*. But my antechamber is full, I am pressed for time; excuse me if I ask you to say at once in what I can be agreeable to you to-day."

"Ah!" said Graham, assuming a very earnest look, "you do know the world, that is clear; and you do know the law of France—eh?"

"Yes, a little."

"What I wanted to say at present may have something to do with French law,

and I meant to ask you either to recommend to me a sharp lawyer, or to tell me how I can best get at your famous police here."

"Police?"

"I think I may require the service of one of those officers whom we in England call detectives; but if you are busy now, I can call to-morrow."

"I spare you two minutes. Say at once, dear Monsieur, what you want with law or police."

"I am instructed to find out the address of a certain Louise Duval, daughter of a drawing-master named Adolphe Duval, living in the Rue—in the year 1848."

Graham, while he thus said, naturally looked Lebeau in the face—not pryingly, not significantly, but as a man generally does look in the face the other man whom he accosts seriously. The change in the face he regarded was slight, but it was unmistakable. It was the sudden meeting of the eyebrows, accompanied with the sudden jerk of the shoulder and bend of the neck, which betokened a man taken by surprise, and who pauses to reflect before he replies. His pause was but momentary.

"For what object is this address required?"

"That I don't know; but evidently for some advantage to Madame or Mademoiselle Duval, if still alive, because my employer authorizes me to spend no less than £100 in ascertaining where she is, if alive, or where she was buried, if dead; and if other means fail, I am instructed to advertise to the effect—'That if Louise Duval, or, in case of her death, any children of hers living in the year 1849, will communicate with some person whom I may appoint at Paris,—such intelligence, authenticated, may prove to the advantage of the party advertised for.' I am, however, told not to resort to this means without consulting either with a legal adviser or the police."

"Hem!—have you inquired at the house where this lady was, you say, living in 1848?"

"Of course I have done that; but very clumsily, I daresay—through a friend—and learned nothing. But I must not keep you now. I think I shall apply at once to the police. What should I say when I get to the *bureau*?"

"Stop, Monsieur, stop. I do not advise you to apply to the police. It would be waste of time and money. Allow me to think over the matter. I shall see you

this evening at the *Café Jean Jacques* at eight o'clock. Till then do nothing."

"All right: I obey you. The whole thing is out of my way of business — awfully. *Bon jour.*"

CHAPTER IX.

PUNCTUALLY at eight o'clock Graham Vane had taken his seat at a corner table at the remote end of the *Café Jean Jacques*, called for his cup of coffee and his evening journal, and awaited the arrival of M. Lebeau. His patience was not tasked long. In a few minutes the Frenchman entered, paused at the *comptoir*, as was his habit, to address a polite salutation to the well-dressed lady who there presided, nodded as usual to Armand Monnier, then glanced round, recognized Graham with a smile, and approached his table with the quiet grace of movement by which he was distinguished.

Seating himself opposite to Graham, and speaking in a voice too low to be heard by others, and in French, he then said —

"In thinking over your communication this morning, it strikes me as probable, perhaps as certain, that this Louise Duval, or her children, if she have any, must be entitled to some moneys bequeathed to her by a relation or friend in England. What say you to that assumption, M. Lamb?"

"You are a sharp fellow," answered Graham. "Just what I say to myself. Why else should I be instructed to go to such expense in finding her out? Most likely, if one can't trace her, or her children born before the date named, any such moneys will go to some one else; and that some one else, whoever he be, has commissioned my employer to find out. But I don't imagine any sum due to her or her heirs can be much, or that the matter is very important; for, if so, the thing would not be carelessly left in the hands of one of the small fry like myself, and clapped in along with a lot of other business as an off-hand job."

"Will you tell me who employed you?"

"No, I don't feel authorized to do that at present; and I don't see the necessity of it. It seems to me, on consideration, a matter for the police to ferret out; only, as I asked before, how should I get at the police?"

"That is not difficult. It is just possible that I might help you better than any lawyer or any detective."

"Why, did you ever know this Louise Duval?"

"Excuse me, M. Lamb: you refuse me your full confidence; allow me to imitate your reserve."

"Oho!" said Graham; "shut up as close as you like; it is nothing to me. Only observe there is this difference between us, that I am employed by another. He does not authorize me to name him; and if I did commit that indiscretion, I might lose my bread and cheese. Whereas you have nobody's secret to guard but your own, in saying whether or not you ever knew a Madame or Mademoiselle Duval. And if you have some reason for not getting me the information I am instructed to obtain, that is also a reason for not troubling you farther. And after all, old boy" (with a familiar slap on Lebeau's stately shoulder) — "after all, it is I who would employ you; you don't employ me. And if you find out the lady, it is you who would get the £100, not I."

M. Lebeau mechanically brushed, with a light movement of hand, the shoulder which the Englishman had so pleasantly touched, drew himself and chair some inches back, and said, slowly —

"M. Lamb, let us talk as gentleman to gentleman. Put aside the question of money altogether, I must first know why your employer wants to hunt out this poor Louise Duval. It may be to her injury, and I would do her none if you offered thousands where you offer pounds. I forestall the condition of mutual confidence; I own that I have known her — it is many years ago; and, M. Lamb, though a Frenchman very often injures a woman from love, he is in a worse plight for bread and cheese than I am if he injures her for money."

"Is he thinking of the duchess's jewels?" thought Graham.

"Bravo, *mon vieux*," he said aloud; "but as I don't know what my employer's motive in his commission is, perhaps you can enlighten me. How could his inquiry injure Louise Duval?"

"I cannot say; but you English have the power to divorce your wives. Louise Duval may have married an Englishman, separated from him, and he wants to know where he can find, in order to criminate and divorce her, or it may be to insist on her return to him."

"Bosh! that is not likely."

"Perhaps, then, some English friend she may have known has left her a bequest, which would of course lapse to some one else if she be not living."

"By gad!" cried Graham, "I think

you hit the right nail on the head : *c'est cela*. But what then ?”

“Well, if I thought any substantial benefit to Louise Duval might result from the success of your inquiry, I would really see if it were in my power to help you. But I must have time to consider.”

“How long ?”

“I can't exactly say ; perhaps three or four days.”

“*Bon !* I will wait. Here comes M. Georges. I leave you to dominoes and him. Good-night.”

Late that night M. Lebeau was seated alone in a chamber connected with the cabinet in which he received visitors. A ledger was open before him, which he scanned with careful eyes, no longer screened by spectacles. The survey seemed to satisfy him. He murmured, “It suffices—the time has come ;” closed the book—returned it to his bureau, which he locked up—and then wrote in cipher the letter here reduced into English :—

“DEAR AND NOBLE FRIEND, — Events march ; the Empire is everywhere undermined. Our treasury has thriven in my hands ; the sums subscribed and received by me through you have become more than quadrupled by advantageous speculations, in which M. Georges has been a most trustworthy agent. A portion of them I have continued to employ in the mode suggested—viz., in bringing together men discreetly chosen as being in their various ways representatives and ringleaders of the motley varieties that, when united at the right moment, form a Parisian mob. But from that right moment we are as yet distant. Before we can call passion into action, we must prepare opinion for change. I propose now to devote no inconsiderable portion of our fund towards the inauguration of a journal which shall gradually give voice to our designs. Trust to me to insure its success, and obtain the aid of writers who will have no notion of the uses to which they ultimately contribute. Now that the time has come to establish for ourselves an organ in the press addressing higher orders of intelligence than those which are needed to destroy, and incapable of reconstructing, the time has also arrived for the reappearance in his proper name and rank of the man in whom you take so gracious an interest. In vain you have pressed him to do so before ; till now he had not amassed together, by the slow process of petty gains and constant savings, with

such additions as prudent speculations on his own account might contribute, the modest means necessary to his resumed position. And as he always contended against your generous offers, no consideration should ever tempt him either to appropriate to his personal use a single *sou* intrusted to him for a public purpose, or to accept from friendship the pecuniary aid which would abase him into the hireling of a cause. No ! Victor de Mauléon despises too much the tools that he employs to allow any man hereafter to say, ‘Thou also wert a tool, and hast been paid for thy uses.’

“But to restore the victim of calumny to his rightful place in this gaudy world, stripped of youth and reduced in fortune, is a task that may well seem impossible. To-morrow he takes the first step towards the achievement of the impossible. Experience is no bad substitute for youth, and ambition is made stronger by the goad of poverty.

“Thou shalt hear of his news soon.”

BOOK FIFTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE next day at noon M. Louvier was closeted in his study with M. Gandrin.

“Yes,” cried Louvier, “I have behaved very handsomely to the *beau Marquis*. No one can say to the contrary.”

“True,” answered Gandrin. “Besides the easy terms for the transfer of the mortgages, that free bonus of 1000 louis is a generous and noble act of munificence.”

“Is it not ! and my youngster has already begun to do with it as I meant and expected. He has taken a fine apartment ; he has bought a *coupé* and horses ; he has placed himself in the hands of the Chevalier de Finisterre ; he is entered at the Jockey Club. *Parbleu*, the 1000 louis will be soon gone.”

“And then ?”

“And then !—why, he will have tasted the sweets of Parisian life. He will think with disgust of the *vieux manoir*. He can borrow no more. I must remain sole mortgagee, and I shall behave as handsomely in buying his estates as I have behaved in increasing his income.”

Here a clerk entered and said “that a monsieur wished to see M. Louvier for a few minutes, in private, on urgent business.”

“Tell him to send in his card.”

"He has declined to do so, but states that he has already the honour of your acquaintance."

"A writer in the press, perhaps; or is he an artist?"

"I have not seen him before, monsieur, but he has the air *très comme il faut*."

"Well, you may admit him. I will not detain you longer, my dear Gandrin. My homages to Madame. *Bon jour*."

Louvier bowed out M. Gandrin, and then rubbed his hands complacently. He was in high spirits. "Aha, my dear Marquis, thou art in my trap now. Would it were thy father instead," he muttered chucklingly, and then took his stand on his hearth, with his back to the fireless grate. There entered a gentleman, exceedingly well-dressed — dressed according to the fashion, but still as became one of ripe middle age, not desiring to pass for younger than he was.

He was tall, with a kind of lofty ease in his air and his movements; not slight of frame, but spare enough to disguise the strength and endurance which belong to sinews and thews of steel, freed from all superfluous flesh, broad across the shoulders, thin in the flanks. His dark hair had in youth been luxuriant in thickness and curl; it was now clipped short, and had become bare at the temples, but it still retained the lustre of its colour and the crispness of its ringlets. He wore neither beard nor moustache, and the darkness of his hair was contrasted by a clear fairness of complexion, healthful, though somewhat pale, and eyes of that rare grey tint which has in it no shade of blue — peculiar eyes, which give a very distinct character to the face. The man must have been singularly handsome in youth; he was handsome still, though probably in his forty-seventh or forty-eighth year, doubtless a very different kind of comeliness. The form of the features and the contour of the face were those that suit the rounded beauty of the Greek outline, and such beauty would naturally have been the attribute of the countenance in earlier days. But the cheeks were now thin and with lines of care or sorrow between nostril and lip, so that the shape of the face seemed lengthened, and the features had become more salient.

Louvier gazed at his visitor with a vague idea that he had seen him before, and could not remember where or when; but, at all events, he recognized at the first glance a man of rank and of the great world.

"Pray be seated, monsieur!" he said, resuming his own easy-chair.

The visitor obeyed the invitation with a very graceful bend of his head, drew his chair near to the financier's, stretched his limbs with the ease of a man making himself at home, and fixing his calm bright eyes quietly on Louvier, said, with a bland smile —

"My dear old friend, do you not remember me? You are less altered than I am."

Louvier stared hard and long; his lip fell, his cheek paled, and at last he faltered out, "*Ciel!* is it possible! Victor — the Vicomte de Mauléon?"

"At your service, my dear Louvier."

There was a pause; the financier was evidently confused and embarrassed, and not less evidently the visit of the "dear old friend" was unwelcome.

"Vicomte," he said at last, "this is indeed a surprise; I thought you had long since quitted Paris for good."

"*L'homme propose*," &c. I have returned, and mean to enjoy the rest of my days in the metropolis of the Graces and the Pleasures. What though we are not so young as we were, Louvier, — we have more vigour in us than the new generation; and though it may no longer befit us to renew the gay carousals of old, life has still excitements as vivid for the social temperament and ambitious mind. Yes, the *roi des viveurs* returns to Paris for a more solid throne than he filled before."

"Are you serious?"

"As serious as the French gaiety will permit one to be."

"Alas, M. le Vicomte! Can you flatter yourself that you will regain the society you have quitted, and the name you have —"

Louvier stopped short; something in the Vicomte's eye daunted him.

"The name I have laid aside for convenience of travel. Princes travel incognito, and so may a simple *gentilhomme*. 'Regain my place in society,' say you? Yes; it is not that which troubles me."

"What does?"

"The consideration whether on a very modest income I can be sufficiently esteemed for myself to render that society more pleasant than ever. Ah, *mon cher!* why recoil? why so frightened? Do you think I am going to ask you for money? Have I ever done so since we parted? and did I ever do so before without repaying you? Bah! you *roturiers* are worse than the Bourbons. You never

learn nor unlearn. '*Fors non mutat genus.*'"

The magnificent *millionnaire*, accustomed to the homage of *grande*s from the faubourg and *lions* from the *Chaussée d'Antin*, rose to his feet in superb wrath, less at the taunting words than at the haughtiness of mien with which they were uttered.

"Monsieur, I cannot permit you to address me in that tone. Do you mean to insult me?"

"Certainly not. Tranquillize your nerves, resear yourself, and listen;—reseat yourself, I say."

Louvier dropped into his chair.

"No," resumed the *Vicomte*, politely, "I do not come here to insult you, neither do I come to ask money; I assume that I am in my rights when I ask M. Louvier what has become of Louise Duval?"

"Louise Duval! I know nothing about her."

"Possibly not now; but you did know her well enough, when we two parted, to be a candidate for her hand. You did know her enough to solicit my good offices in promotion of your suit; and you did, at my advice, quit Paris to seek her at Aix-la-Chapelle."

"What! have you, M. de Mauléon, not heard news of her since that day?"

"I decline to accept your question as an answer to mine. You went to Aix-la-Chapelle; you saw Louise Duval; at my urgent request she condescended to accept your hand."

"No, M. de Mauléon, she did not accept my hand. I did not even see her. The day before I arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle she had left it—not alone—left it with her lover."

"Her lover! you do not mean the miserable Englishman who——"

"No Englishman," interrupted Louvier, fiercely. "Enough that the step she took placed an eternal barrier between her and myself. I have never even sought to hear of her since that day. *Vicomte*, that woman was the one love of my life. I loved her, as you must have known, to folly—to madness. And how was my love requited? Ah! you open a very deep wound, M. le *Vicomte*."

"Pardon me, Louvier; I did not give you credit for feelings so keen and so genuine, nor did I think myself thus easily affected by matters belonging to a past life so remote from the present. For whom did Louise forsake you?"

"It matters not—he is dead."

"I regret to hear that; I might have avenged you."

"I need no one to avenge my wrong. Let this pass."

"Not yet. Louise, you say, fled with a seducer? So proud as she was, I can scarcely believe it."

"Oh, it was not with a *roturier* she fled; her pride would not have allowed that."

"He must have deceived her somehow. Did she continue to live with him?"

"That question, at least, I can answer; for though I lost all trace of her life, his life was pretty well known to me till its end; and a very few months after she fled he was enchained to another. Let us talk of her no more."

"Ay, ay," muttered De Mauléon, "some disgraces are not to be redeemed, and therefore not to be discussed. To me, though a relation, Louise Duval was but little known, and after what you tell me, I cannot dispute your right to say, 'talk of her no more.' You loved her, and she wronged you. My poor Louvier, pardon me if I made an old wound bleed afresh."

These words were said with a certain pathetic tenderness; they softened Louvier towards the speaker.

After a short pause the *Vicomte* swept his hand over his brow, as if to dismiss from his mind a painful and obtrusive thought; then, with a changed expression of countenance—an expression frank and winning—with voice and with manner in which no vestige remained of the irony or the haughtiness with which he had resented the frigidity of his reception, he drew his chair still nearer to Louvier's, and resumed: "Our situations, Paul Louvier, are much changed since we two became friends. I then could say, 'Open sesame' to whatever recesses, forbidden to vulgar footsteps, the adventurer whom I took by the hand might wish to explore. In those days my heart was warm; I liked you, Louvier—honestly liked you. I think our personal acquaintance commenced in some gay gathering of young *viveurs* whose behaviour to you offended my sense of good breeding?"

Louvier coloured, and muttered inaudibly.

De Mauléon continued: "I felt it due to you to rebuke their incivilities, the more so as you evinced on that occasion your own superiority in sense and temper, permit me to add with no lack of becoming spirit."

Louvier bowed his head, evidently gratified.

"From that day we became familiar. If any obligation to me were incurred, you would not have been slow to return it. On more than one occasion when I was rapidly wasting money—and money was plentiful with you—you generously offered me your purse. On more than one occasion I accepted the offer; and you would never have asked repayment if I had not insisted on repaying. I was no less grateful for your aid."

Louvier made a movement as if to extend his hand, but he checked the impulse.

"There was another attraction which drew me towards you. I recognized in your character a certain power in sympathy with that power which I imagined lay dormant in myself, and not to be found among the *freluquets* and *lions* who were my more habitual associates. Do you not remember some hours of serious talk we have had together when we lounged in the Tuileries, or sipped our coffee in the garden of the Palais Royal?—hours when we forgot that those were the haunts of idlers, and thought of the stormy actions affecting the history of the world of which they had been the scene—hours when I confided to you, as I confided to no other man, the ambitious hopes for the future which my follies in the present, alas! were hourly tending to frustrate?"

"Ay, I remember the starlit night; it was not in the gardens of the Tuileries nor in the Palais Royal,—it was on the Pont de la Concorde, on which we had paused, noting the starlight on the waters, that you said, pointing towards the walls of the *Corps Legislatif*, 'Paul, when I once get into the Chamber, how long will it take me to become First Minister of France?'"

"Did I say so?—possibly; but I was too young then for admission to the Chamber, and I fancied I had so many years yet to spare in idle loiterings at the Fountain of Youth. Pass over these circumstances. You became in love with Louise. I told you her troubled history; it did not diminish your love; and then I frankly favoured your suit. You set out for Aix-la-Chapelle a day or two afterwards—then fell the thunderbolt which shattered my existence—and we have never met again till this hour. You did not receive me kindly, Paul Louvier."

"But," said Louvier, falteringly—"but since you refer to that thunderbolt, you cannot but be aware that—that—"

"I was subjected to a calumny which I expect those who have known me as well as you did to assist me now to refute."

"If it be really a calumny."

"Heavens, man! could you ever doubt that?" cried De Mauléon, with heat; "ever doubt that I would rather have blown out my brains than allowed them even to conceive the idea of a crime so base?"

"Pardon me," answered Louvier, meekly, "but I did not return to Paris for months after you had disappeared. My mind was unsettled by the news that awaited me at Aix; I sought to distract it by travel—visited Holland and England; and when I did return to Paris, all that I heard of your story was the darker side of it. I willingly listen to your own account. You never took, or at least never accepted, the Duchesse de ———'s jewels; and your friend M. de N. never sold them to one jeweller and obtained their substitutes in paste from another?"

The Vicomte made a perceptible effort to repress an impulse of rage; then re-seating himself in his chair, and with that slight shrug of the shoulder by which a Frenchman implies to himself that rage would be out of place, replied calmly, "M. de N. did as you say, but, of course, not employed by me, nor with my knowledge. Listen; the truth is this—the time has come to tell it: Before you left Paris for Aix I found myself on the brink of ruin. I had glided towards it with my characteristic recklessness—with that scorn of money for itself—that sanguine confidence in the favour of fortune which are vices common to every *roi des viveurs*. Poor mock Alexanders that we spendthrifts are in youth! we divide all we have among others, and when asked by some prudent friend 'What have you left for your own share?' answer 'Hope.' I knew, of course, that my patrimony was rapidly vanishing; but then my horses were matchless. I had enough to last me for years on their chance of winning—of course they would win. But you may recollect when we parted that I was troubled,—creditor's bills before me; usurers' bills too,—and you, my dear Louvier, pressed on me your purse; were angry when I refused it. How could I accept? All my chance of repayment was in the speed of a horse, I believed in that chance for myself; but for a trustful friend, no. Ask your own heart now—nay, I will not say heart—ask your own common-sense, whether a man who then put aside your purse—spend-

thrift, *vaurien* though he might be — was likely to steal or accept a woman's jewels — *Va, mon pauvre Louvier*, again I say, '*Fors non mutat genus*.'"

Despite the repetition of the displeasing patrician motto, such reminiscences of his visitor's motley character — irregular, turbulent, the reverse of severe, but, in its own loose way, grandly generous and grandly brave — struck both on the common-sense and the heart of the listener; and the Frenchman recognized the Frenchman. Louvier doubted De Mauléon's word no more, bowed his head, and said, "Victor de Mauléon, I have wronged you — go on."

"On the day after you left for Aix came that horse-race on which my all depended: it was lost. The loss absorbed the whole of my remaining fortune; it absorbed about 20,000 francs in excess, a debt of honour to De N., whom you called my friend: friend he was not; imitator, follower, flatterer, yes. Still I deemed him enough my friend to say to him, 'Give me a little time to pay the money; I must sell my stud, or write to my only living relation from whom I have expectations.' You remember that relation — Jacques de Mauléon, old and unmarried. By De N.'s advice I did write to my kinsman. No answer came; but what did come were fresh bills from creditors. I then calmly calculated my assets. The sale of my stud and effects *might* suffice to pay every *sou* that I owed, including my debt to De N.; but that was not quite certain — at all events, when the debts were paid I should be beggared. Well, you know, Louvier, what we Frenchmen are: how nature has denied to us the quality of patience; how involuntarily suicide presents itself to us when hope is lost — and suicide seemed to me here due to honour — viz., to the certain discharge of my liabilities — for the stud and effects of Victor de Mauléon, *roi des viveurs*, would command much higher prices if he died like Cato than if he ran away from his fate like Pompey. Doubtless De N. guessed my intention from my words or my manner; but on the very day in which I had made all preparations for quitting the world from which sunshine had vanished, I received in a blank envelope bank-notes amounting to 70,000 francs, and the post-mark on the envelope was that of the town of Fontainebleau, near to which lived my rich kinsman Jacques. I took it for granted that the sum came from him. Displeased as he might have been with my wild career, still I was his

natural heir. The sum sufficed to pay my debt to De N., to all creditors, and leave a surplus. My sanguine spirits returned. I would sell my stud; I would retrench, reform, go to my kinsman as the penitent son. The fatted calf would be killed, and I should wear purple yet. You understand that, Louvier?"

"Yes, yes; so like you. Go on."

"Now, then, came the thunder-bolt!

Ah! in those sunny days you used to envy me for being so spoilt by women. The Duchesse de — had conceived for me one of those romantic fancies which women without children, and with ample leisure for the waste of affection, do sometimes conceive for very ordinary men younger than themselves, but in whom they imagine they discover sinners to reform or heroes to exalt. I had been honoured by some notes from the Duchesse in which this sort of romance was owned. I had not replied to them encouragingly. In truth, my heart was then devoted to another, — the English girl whom I had wooed as my wife — who, despite her parents' retraction of their consent to our union when they learned how dilapidated were my fortunes, pledged herself to remain faithful to me, and wait for better days." Again De Mauléon paused in suppressed emotion, and then went on hurriedly: "No, the Duchesse did not inspire me with guilty passion, but she did inspire me with an affectionate respect. I felt that she was by nature meant to be a great and noble creature, and was, nevertheless, at that moment wholly misled from her right place amongst women by an illusion of mere imagination about a man who happened then to be very much talked about, and perhaps resembled some Lothario in the novels which she was always reading. We lodged, as you may remember, in the same house."

"Yes, I remember. I remember how you once took me to a great ball given by the Duchesse; how handsome I thought her, though no longer young; and you say right — how I did envy you, that night!"

"From that night, however, the Duc, not unnaturally, became jealous. He reproved the Duchesse for her too amiable manner towards a *mauvais sujet* like myself, and forbade her in future to receive my visits. It was then that these notes became frequent and clandestine, brought to me by her maid, who took back my somewhat chilling replies."

"But to proceed. In the flush of my

high spirits, and in the insolence of magnificent ease with which I paid De N. the trifle I owed him, something he said made my heart stand still. I told him that the money received had come from Jacques de Mauléon, and that I was going down to his house that day to thank him. He replied, 'Don't go; it did not come from him.' 'It must; see the post-mark of the envelope — Fontainebleau.' 'I posted it at Fontainebleau.' 'You sent me the money, you!' 'Nay, that is beyond my means. Where it came from,' said this *miserable*, 'much more may yet come;' and then he narrated, with that cynicism so in vogue at Paris, how he had told the Duchesse (who knew him as my intimate associate) of my stress of circumstance, of his fear that I meditated something desperate; how she gave him the jewels to sell and to substitute; how, in order to baffle my suspicion and frustrate my scruples, he had gone to Fontainebleau and there posted the envelope containing the bank-notes, out of which he secured for himself the payment he deemed otherwise imperilled. De N. having made this confession, hurried down the stairs swiftly enough to save himself a descent by the window. Do you believe me still?"

"Yes; you were always so hot-blooded, and De N. so considerate of self, I believe you implicitly."

"Of course I did what any man would do — I wrote a hasty letter to the Duchesse, stating all my gratitude for an act of pure friendship so noble; urging also the reasons that rendered it impossible for a man of honour to profit by such an act. Unhappily, what had been sent was paid away ere I knew the facts; but I could not bear the thought of life till my debt to her was acquitted; in short, Louvier, conceive for yourself the sort of letter which I — or any honest man — would write, under circumstances so cruel."

"H'm!" grunted Louvier.

"Something, however, in my letter, conjoined with what De N. had told her as to my state of mind, alarmed this poor woman, who had deigned to take in me an interest so little deserved. Her reply, very agitated and incoherent, was brought to me by her maid, who had taken my letter, and by whom, as I before said, our correspondence had been of late carried on. In her reply she implored me to decide, to reflect on nothing till I had seen her; stated how the rest of her day was pre-engaged; and since to visit her openly had been made impossible by the Duc's

interdict, enclosed the key to the private entrance to her rooms, by which I could gain an interview with her at ten o'clock that night, an hour at which the Duc had informed her he should be out till late at his club. Now, however great the indiscretion which the Duchesse here committed, it is due to her memory to say, that I am convinced that her dominant idea was that I meditated self-destruction; that no time was to be lost to save me from it; and for the rest she trusted to the influence which a woman's tears and adjurations and reasonings have over even the strongest and hardest men. It is only one of those coxcombs in whom the world of fashion abounds who could have admitted a thought that would have done wrong to the impulsive, generous, imprudent eagerness of a woman to be in time to save from death by his own hand a fellow-being for whom she had conceived an interest. I so construed her note. At the hour she named I admitted myself into the rooms by the key she sent. You know the rest: I was discovered by the Duc and by the agents of police in the cabinet in which the Duchesse's jewels were kept. The key that admitted me into the cabinet was found in my possession."

De Mauléon's voice here faltered, and he covered his face with a convulsive hand. Almost in the same breath he recovered from visible sign of emotion, and went on with a half-laugh.

"Ah! you envied me, did you, for being spoiled by the women? Envidable position indeed was mine that night. The Duc obeyed the first impulse of his wrath. He imagined that I had dishonoured him: he would dishonour me in return. Easier to his pride, too, a charge against the robber of jewels than against a favoured lover of his wife. But when I, obeying the first necessary obligation of honour, invented on the spur of the moment the story by which the Duchesse's reputation was cleared from suspicion, accused myself of a frantic passion and the trickery of a fabricated key, the Duc's true nature of *gentilhomme* came back. He retracted the charge which he could scarcely even at the first blush have felt to be well founded; and as the sole charge left was simply that which men *comme il faut* do not refer to criminal courts and police investigations, I was left to make my bow unmolested and retreat to my own rooms, awaiting there such communications as the Duc might deem it right to convey to me on the morrow.

"But on the morrow the Duc, with his wife and personal suite quitted Paris *en route* for Spain; the bulk of his retinue, including the offending abigail, was discharged; and, whether through these servants or through the police, the story before evening was in the mouth of every gossip in club or *café*—exaggerated, distorted to my ignominy and shame. My detection in the cabinet, the sale of the jewels, the substitution of paste by De N., who was known to be my servile imitator and reputed to be my abject tool; all my losses on the turf, my debts,—all these scattered fibres of flax were twisted together in a rope that would have hanged a dog with a much better name than mine. If some disbelieved that I could be a thief, few of those who should have known me best held me guiltless of a baseness almost equal to that of theft—the exaction of profit from the love of a foolish woman."

"But you could have told your own tale, shown the letters you had received from the Duchesse, and cleared away every stain on your honour."

"How?—shown her letters, ruined her character, even stated that she had caused her jewels to be sold for the uses of a young *roué*! Ah no, Louvier. I would rather have gone to the gallies!"

"H'm!" grunted Louvier again.

"The Duc generously gave me better means of righting myself. Three days after he quitted Paris I received a letter from him, very politely written, expressing his great regret that any words implying the suspicion too monstrous and absurd to need refutation should have escaped him in the surprise of the moment; but stating that since the offence I had owned was one that he could not overlook, he was under the necessity of asking the only reparation I could make. That if it 'deranged' me to quit Paris, he would return to it for the purpose required; but that if I would give him the additional satisfaction of suiting his convenience, he should prefer to await my arrival at Bayonne, where he was detained by the indisposition of the Duchesse."

"You have still that letter?" asked Louvier, quickly.

"Yes; with other more important documents constituting what I may call my *pièces justificatives*."

"I need not say that I replied stating the time at which I should arrive at Bayonne, and the hotel at which I should await the Duc's command. Accordingly I set out that same day, gained the hotel

named, despatched to the Duc the announcement of my arrival, and was considering how I should obtain a second in some officer quartered in the town—for my soreness and resentment at the marked coldness of my former acquaintances at Paris had forbidden me to seek a second among any of that faithless number—when the Duc himself entered my room. Judge of my amaze at seeing him in person; judge how much greater the amaze became when he advanced with a grave but cordial smile, offering me his hand!

"M. de Mauléon," said he, "since I wrote to you, facts have become known to me which would induce me rather to ask your friendship than call on you to defend your life. Madame la Duchesse has been seriously ill since we left Paris, and I refrained from all explanations likely to add to the hysterical excitement under which she was suffering. It is only this day that her mind became collected, and she herself then gave me her entire confidence. Monsieur, she insisted on my reading the letters that you addressed to her. Those letters, monsieur, suffice to prove your innocence of any design against my peace. The Duchesse has so candidly avowed her own indiscretion, has so clearly established the distinction between indiscretion and guilt that I have granted her my pardon with a lightened heart and a firm belief that we shall be happier together than we have been yet."

"The Duc continued his journey the next day, but he subsequently honoured me with two or three letters written as friend to friend, and in which you will find repeated the substance of what I have stated him to say by word of mouth."

"But why not then have returned to Paris? Such letters, at least, you might have shown, and in braving your calumniators you would have soon lived them down."

"You forget that I was a ruined man. When, by the sale of my horses, &c., my debts, including what was owed to the Duchesse, and which I remitted to the Duc, were discharged, the balance left to me would not have maintained me a week at Paris. Besides, I felt so sore, so indignant. Paris and the Parisians had become to me so hateful. And to crown all, that girl, that English girl whom I had so loved, on whose fidelity I had so counted—well, I received a letter from her, gently but coldly bidding me farewell for ever. I do not think she believed me guilty of theft, but doubtless the offence I had confessed, in order to save the honour of the

Duchesse, could but seem to her all-sufficient! Broken in spirit, bleeding at heart to the very core, still self-destruction was no longer to be thought of. I would not die till I could once more lift up my head as Victor de Mauléon."

"What then became of you, my poor Victor?"

"Ah! that is a tale too long for recital. I have played so many parts that I am puzzled to recognize my own identity with the Victor de Mauléon whose name I abandoned. I have been a soldier in Algeria, and won my cross on the field of battle—that cross and my colonel's letter are among my *pièces justificatives*. I have been a gold-digger in California, a speculator in New York, of late in callings obscure and humble. But in all my adventures, under whatever name, I have earned testimonials of probity, could manifestations of so vulgar a virtue be held of account by the enlightened people of Paris. I come now to a close. The Vicomte de Mauléon is about to reappear in Paris, and the first to whom he announces that sublime avatar is Paul Louvier. When settled in some modest apartment, I shall place in your hands my *pièces justificatives*. I shall ask you to summon my surviving relations or connections, among which are the Counts de Vandemar, Beauvilliers, De Passy, and the Marquis de Rochebriant, with any friends of your own who sway the opinions of the Great World. You will place my justification before them, expressing your own opinion that it suffices;—in a word, you will give me the sanction of your countenance. For the rest, I trust to myself to propitiate the kindly and to silence the calumnious. I have spoken; what say you?"

"You overrate my power in society. Why not appeal yourself to your high-born relations?"

"No, Louvier; I have too well considered the case to alter my decision. It is through you, and you alone, that I shall approach my relations. My vindicator must be a man of whom the vulgar cannot say, 'Oh, he is a relation—a fellow-noble: those aristocrats whitewash each other.' It must be an authority with the public at large—a *bourgeois*, a *millionnaire*, a *roi de la Bourse*. I choose you, and that ends the discussion."

Louvier could not help laughing good-humouredly at the *sang froid* of the Vicomte. He was once more under the domination of a man who had for a time dominated all with whom he lived.

De Mauléon continued: "Your task

will be easy enough. Society changes rapidly at Paris. Few persons now exist who have more than a vague recollection of the circumstances which can be so easily explained to my complete vindication when the vindication comes from a man of your solid respectability and social influence. Besides, I have political objects in view. You are a Liberal; the Vandemars and Rochebriants are Legitimists. I prefer a godfather on the Liberal side. *Pardieu, mon ami*, why such coquettish hesitation? Said and done. Your hand on it."

"Here is my hand then. I will do all I can to help you."

"I know you will, old friend; and you do both kindly and wisely." Here De Mauléon cordially pressed the hand he held, and departed.

On gaining the street, the Vicomte glided into a neighbouring courtyard, in which he had left his *fiacre*, and bade the coachman drive towards the Boulevard Sebastopol. On the way, he took from a small bag that he had left in the carriage the flaxen wig and pale whiskers which distinguished M. Lebeau, and mantled his elegant habiliments in an immense cloak, which he had also left in the *fiacre*. Arrived at the Boulevard Sebastopol, he drew up the collar of the cloak so as to conceal much of his face, stopped the driver, paid him quickly, and, bag in hand, hurried on to another stand of *fiacres* at a little distance, entered one, drove to the Faubourg Montmartre, dismissed the vehicle at the mouth of a street not far from M. Lebeau's office, and gained on foot the private side door of the house, let himself in with his latch-key, entered the private room on the inner side of his office, locked the door, and proceeded leisurely to exchange the brilliant appearance which the Vicomte de Mauléon had borne on his visit to the *millionnaire*, for the sober raiment and *bourgeois* air of M. Lebeau, the letter-writer.

Then after locking up his former costume in a drawer of his *secrétaire*, he sat himself down and wrote the following lines:—

"DEAR M. GEORGES,—I advise you strongly, from information that has just reached me, to lose no time in pressing M. Savarin to repay the sum I recommended you to lend him, and for which you hold his bill due this day. The scandal of legal measures against a writer so distinguished should be avoided if possible. He will avoid it and get the money

somehow. But he must be urgently pressed. If you neglect this warning, my responsibility is past.—*Agrées mes sentimens les plus sincères.* J. L.”

From The Westminster Review.
VENETIAN PAINTING.

It was a fact of the greatest importance for the complete development of the arts in Italy that painting in Venice reached maturity later than in Rome, Florence, and Milan. Owing to this circumstance one chief aspect of the Renaissance—its material magnificence and freedom—received consummate treatment at the hands of Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese. To idealize the sensualities of the universe; to achieve for colour what the Florentines had done for form; to invest the external splendours of human life at one of its most gorgeous epochs with the dignity of the highest art; to vindicate the long forgotten title of the body to respect; to prove the sanity and the majesty of the flesh, was what these giant spirits lived to do.

Venice was precisely fitted for the accomplishment of this task. Free, isolated, wealthy, powerful; famous throughout Europe for the pomp of her state equipage, and for the magnificent immortality of her private manners; ruled by a prudent aristocracy, who spent vast resources on public shows and on the maintenance of a more than imperial civil splendour: Venice, with her street pavement of liquid chrysoprase, with her palaces of porphyry and marble, her frescoed façades, her quays and squares aglow with the brilliant costumes of the Levant, her lagoons afloat with the galleys of all nations, her churches floored with mosaics, her silvery domes, and ceilings glittering with sculptures bathed in molten gold: Venice luxurious in the light and colour of a transparent atmosphere, arched over by the broad expanse of a sky which nothing bounded but the horizon of sea and plain, and which was reflected, in all its gorgeousness of sunrise and sunset, upon the glassy surface of smooth waters: Venice asleep like a coral-reef of opal or of pearl upon the bosom of a waveless lake, an apocalyptic sea of glass—here and here only on the face of the whole globe was the unique city in which the pomp and pride of worldly life might combine with the lustre of the physical universe to create and stimulate

in the artist a sense of the permanent value of colour, of the surpassing attractiveness of pageantry. There is colour in flowers. Gardens of tulips are radiant, and Alpine valleys touch the soul with the pathos of their pure and gem-like hues. Therefore the painters of Flanders and of Valdarno, John Van Eyck and Fra Angelico, penetrated some of the secrets of the world of colour. But what are the purples and scarlets and blues of the iris, the anemone, or the columbine, dispersed among deep meadow grasses, or trained in quiet cloister garden beds when compared with that melodrama of flame and gold and rose and orange and azure which the sunset or the sunrise of Venice yields almost daily to the eye? The Venetians had no green fields and trees, no garden borders, no flowers to teach them the tender suggestiveness, the quaint poetry of isolated or contrasted tints. No. Their meadows were the fruitless furrows of the changeable sea, hued like a peacock's neck; they called the pearl shells of the Lido flowers, “*fior di mare* ;” nothing distracted their attention from the symphonies of light and colour which their sea and sky, one sphere of ever-shifting rainbow hues, one prism as wide as the world, presented to them. It was in consequence of this that the Venetians conceived colour heroically on a vast scale, not as a matter of missalmargins or of subordinate decoration, but as a theme worthy in itself of a sublime development. In the same way, hedged in by no narrowing hills, contracted by no city walls, stifled by no dusty streets, but open to the liberal airs of heaven and of the sea, the Venetians understood space, and imagined almost illimitable pictures. Light, colour, air, immensity—that is the theatre on which the figures of the Venetian painters in their proud humanity are made to move. Shelley's description of a Venetian sunset in “*Julian and Maddalo*,” is so true to the scenery which inspired the art of the great masters, that it may be quoted as a preface to what we have to say about their specific qualities.

As those who pause on some delightful way,
Though bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood
Looking upon the evening and the flood
Which lay between the city and the shore,
Paved with the image of the sky; the hoar
And airy Alps, towards the north, appeared,
Through mist, a heaven-sustaining bulwark
reared

Between the east and west: and half the sky
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,

Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
 Down the steep west into a wondrous hue
 Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
 Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
 Among the many-folded hills — they were
 Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,
 As seen from Lido through the harbour piles,
 The likeness of a clump of peaked isles —
 And then, as if the earth and sea had been
 Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
 Those mountains towering, as from waves of
 flame,
 Around the vaporious sun, from which there
 came
 The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
 Their very peaks transparent.

That passage strikes the key-note to Venetian painting. With the poem of Shelley we may compare the following extract from a letter addressed from Venice in May, 1544, to Titian, by one of the most utterly worthless and unprincipled of literary banditti who have ever disgraced humanity, and who nevertheless was solemnized to the spirit of true poetry by the grandiose aspect of Nature as it appeared to him in Venice. That Pietro Aretino should have so deeply felt the splendour of natural beauty in an age when even the greatest artists and poets sought for inspiration in human life more than in the material universe is a significant fact, and seems to prove the natural fatality which made Venice the cradle of the Art of Nature.

Having, my dear gossip, to the injury of my custom, supped alone; or, to speak better, in the company of this quartan fever, which will not let me taste the flavour of any food, I rose from table sated with the same ennui with which I had sat down. In this mood I went and leaned my arms upon the sill outside my window, and throwing my chest and nearly all my body on the marble, gave myself up to the contemplation of the marvellous spectacle presented by the innumerable boats, filled with foreigners as well as people of the place, which gave delight not merely to the gazers, but also to the grand canal itself, which delights everybody that ploughs its waters. From this animated scene, all of a sudden, like a man who from mere ennui does not know how to occupy his mind, I turned my eyes to heaven, which, from the moment that God made it has never been adorned with such painted loveliness of lights and shadows. The whole region of the air was what those who envy you, because they are unable to be you, would fain express. To begin with, the buildings of Venice, though of solid stone, seemed made of some ethereal substance. Then the sky was full of variety, here clear and ardent, there dulled and overclouded. What marvellous clouds there were! Masses of them in the centre of the picture hung

above the houeroofs, while the immediate part was formed of a grey tint inclining to dark. I marvelled at the varied colours they displayed. The nearer masses burned with flames of sunlight; the more remote blushed with a blaze of crimson less afire. O how splendidly did nature's pencil treat and dispose that airy landscape, keeping the sky apart from the palaces, just as Titian does! On one side the sky showed a greenish blue, on another a bluish green, invented verily by the caprice of nature, who is mistress of the greatest masters. With her lights and her darks, there she was harmonizing, toning, and bringing out into relief, just as she wished. Seeing which, I, who knew that your pencil is the spirit of your inmost soul, cried aloud, thrice or four times, "O Titian, where are you now?"

In order more fully to understand the destiny of Venice in Art, we may consider how different as a city she was, tranquil in her tyranny, serene in undisturbed prosperity, inhabited by merchants who were kings, and by a freeborn nation who had never seen war at their gates, from Florence, every inch of whose domain could tell of civil struggles, whose passionate aspirations after liberty ended in the despotism of the vulgar Medicean dynasty, whose repeated revolutions had slavery for their invariable catastrophe, whose grim grey palaces and austere churches bore on their fronts the stamp of the middle ages; whose spirit incarnated itself in Dante the exile; whose enslavement forced from Michael Angelo those groans of a tortured Titan which he expressed in marble and in fresco.

It is not an insignificant, though a slight detail, that the predominant colour of Florence is a sombre and cold brown, while the predominant colour of Venice is that of mother-of-pearl which conceals within its general whiteness every tint that can be placed upon the palette of a painter. To represent in art the spiritual strivings of the Renaissance was the task of Florence and her sons; to leave a pompous monument of Renaissance splendour was the achievement of Venice. Without Venice the modern world could not have produced that flower of healthful and unconscious beauty in painting which is worthy to stand beside the serene product of the sinless Greek genius in sculpture. Athene from her Parthenon stretches the hand to Venezia enthroned in the ducal palace. The broad brows and earnest eyes of the Hellenic goddess are of one divine birth and lineage with the golden hair and proud pose of the Sea-queen.

It is in the heart of Venice, in the

House of the Republic, in the so-called Ducal palace, that the Venetian painters, considered as the interpreters of proud magnificence, fulfilled their function with the most surprising success. Centuries contributed to make the ducal palace what it is. The massive colonnades and gothic loggias on which it rests, date from the 13th century; their sculptures belong to the age when Nicolo Pisano's genius was still in the ascendant. The square fabric of the palace, so beautiful in the irregularity of its pointed windows, so singular in its mosaic diaper of pink and white, was designed at the same early period. But the inner court and the façade which parts the lateral canal, display the handiwork of Sansovino, a Florentine of the Renaissance, who adopted Venice as his home, and whose talent, excited by the magnificence of the Republic, created a style of architecture almost arrogant in its fusion of a broad and vast design with superfluity of costly decoration. The halls of the palace — spacious chambers where the Senate assembled, where Ambassadors approached the Doge, where the Council of Ten deliberated, and the Council of Three conducted their inquisition, are walled and roofed with pictures of inestimable value, encased in framework of sculptured oak, overlaid with solid gold. Supreme art, art in which fiery imagination vies with delicate and tender skill, is made in these proud halls the minister of mundane pomp. That the gold brocade of the ducal uniform, that the scarlet and crimson of the Venetian noble, may be duly harmonized by the richness of their surroundings, it was necessary that canvases measured by the score of square yards, and made priceless by the authentic handiwork of Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, should blaze upon the gilded walls and roofs. A more insolent display of public wealth, a more lavish outpouring of human genius in the service of mere pageantry, cannot possibly be imagined. Supreme over all allegories and histories depicted in those multitudes of paintings, sits Venezia herself enthroned and crowned, the personification of haughtiness and power. Figured as a regal lady, with golden hair tightly knotted beneath a diadem around a small head proudly poised upon her upright throat and ample shoulders, Venice there takes her chair of state, under resplendent canopies, as mistress of the ocean, to whom Tritons and sea nymphs and Neptune offer pearls; as empress of the globe, at whose

footstool wait Justice with the sword, and Peace with the olive-branch; as queen of heaven, exalted to the clouds. They have made her a goddess, those great painters, — have produced a mythus, and personified in native beauty that bride of the sea, their love, their lady. On every side, above, around, wherever you turn in these vast saloons, are seen the deeds of Venice, whether painted histories of her triumphs over the Emperors, the Popes, the Turks, or allegories of her grandeur, — stupendous scenes in which the Doges Grimani and Loredani and Gritti and Contarini and Friuli and Dandoli, perform acts of faith, with St. Mark for their protector, and with Venezia for their patroness. Surging multitudes of Saints in Paradise, massed together by Tintoretto and by Palma for the display of imposing effects of light, grand attitudes, gorgeous nudities, and mundane pomp of many-hued apparel, mingle with elaborate mythologies of Greek and Roman origin, fantastic arabesques, and charming episodes of pure idyllic painting. Religion in these pictures was a matter of parade, an adjunct to the costly public life of the Republic. We need not conclude that it was unreal. Such as it was, the religion painted by the Venetian masters is indeed as real as that of Fra Angelico or Albert Dürer. But it was the faith, not of humble men or of mystics, not of profound thinkers or ecstatic visionaries, so much as of courtiers and soldiers, and merchants and statesmen, to whom religion was an element of life, a function among other functions, not a thing apart, a consecration of the universe, a source of separate and supreme vitality. That Tintoretto could have painted the saints in glory, a countless multitude of surging forms, a sea whereof the waves are souls, as a mere background to state ceremony, shows the prosaic point of view, the positive and realistic attitude of mind, from which the Venetian masters started when they approached a religious subject. Paradise is a fact, reasoned Tintoretto; and it is easier to fill a quarter of an acre of canvas with a picture of Paradise than of any other subject, because the figures can be so conveniently arranged in concentric tiers round Christ and Madonna in glory; therefore I will fill that end of the Council Chamber with my Paradise. Without more ado he did it. There is a picture by Guardi, which represents a kind of masked ball taking place in this chamber. The gentlemen are in periwigs and long waistcoats; the ladies wear

hoops, patches, fans, high heels, and powder. Bowing, promenading, flirting, diplomatizing, they parade about; while from the billowy surge of saints, Moses with the Tables of the Law, St. Bartholomew holding up his poor flayed skin, the Magdalen with her dishevelled hair and adoration of ecstatic penitence, look down upon them. Tintoretto must have foreseen that the world of living pettiness and passion would perpetually jostle with his world of painted sublimities and sanctities in that vast hall. Yet he did not on that account shrink from the task. Paradise existed; therefore it could be painted: if it filled the space better than another subject, put it in the place appointed: if the fine ladies and gentlemen below feel out of harmony with the celestial host, so much the worse for them.

In the Ducal Palace the Venetian Art of the Renaissance culminates. That art has been described as decorative; and truly here at all events it lends itself to the purpose of gorgeous ornamentation. Yet long before it culminated in this final splendour, the painting of Venice had been forming a tradition of pompous art in which the spirit of the Renaissance as the spirit of free enjoyment and magnificent expansion found its expression. To trace the history of Venetian painting is to follow through its several stages the growth of that mastery over colour and physical magnificence which blossomed finally in the works of Titian and his contemporaries. Under the Vivarini family of Murano the Venetian School of painting began with the imitation of pure nature, and with the selection from the natural world of all that it possessed of brilliant, luminous, salient with qualities of strength and splendour. No other painters of the fourteenth century in Italy employed such glowing colours, or showed such predilection for the careful representation of fruits, rich stuffs, architectural canopies, jewels, landscape backgrounds. Their piety, unlike the mystical asceticism of the Siennese and Florentine masters, is marked by sanity, solidity, vivacity, joyousness. Our Lady and her court of saints live, move, and breathe as if on earth. They do not swim before ecstatic eyes as in the visions of Angelico or Duccio. There is no atmosphere of tranced solemnity surrounding them like that which gives peculiar charm to the pietistic pictures of Van Eyck and Memling — artists who, by the way, are more nearly allied than any others to the spirit of the first age of Venetian paint-

ing.* What the Vivarini began, the two Bellini, with Crivelli, Carpaccio, Mansueti, Basaiti, Catena, Cima da Conegliano, Bissolo, continued. Bright colours in dresses, distinct and sunny landscapes, broad backgrounds of architecture, polished armour, gilded cornices, young faces of fisher boys and country girls, grave faces of old men brown with seawind and sunlight, withered faces of women hearty in a hale old age, the superb manhood of Venetian senators, the dignity of patrician ladies, the gracefulness of children, the rosy whiteness and amber-coloured tresses and black eyes of the daughters of the Adriatic and lagoons — these are the source of inspiration to the Venetians of the second period. Mantegna, a few miles distant, at Padua, was working out his ideal of severely classical design. But he scarcely touched the manner of the Venetians with his influence, though Gian Bellini was his son-in-law, and though his genius, in grasp of matter and in management of thought, soared far above his neighbours. Leonardo at Milan was working out his problems of psychology in painting and offering to the world solutions of the gravest difficulties in the delineation of the spirit by expression. Yet not a trace of Leonardo's subtle play of light and shadow upon thoughtful features can be discerned in the work of the Bellini. Their function was a different one. All the externals of a full and sumptuous existence fascinated their imagination. The problems that they undertook to solve were wholly in the region of colouring — how to depict the world as it is seen, a mirage of varying lustre and of melting hues, a pageant substantial to the touch and concrete to the eyes, a combination of forms defined by colours more than outlines. Very instructive are the wall-pictures of this period, painted not in fresco but on canvas by Carpaccio, Gentile Bellini, and their scholars, for the decoration of the Scuole or Guildhalls of the Companies of St. Ursula and Sta. Croce. They bring before us the life of Venice in all its complexity. They indicate the tendency of the Venetian masters to express the shows and splendours of the actual world, rather than to realize an ideal of the fan-

* The conditions of Art in Flanders — wealthy, bourgeois, proud, free — were not dissimilar to those of art in Venice. The misty flats of Belgium have some of the atmospheric qualities of Venice. It is the different *habitus* of the Flemish and Venetian nature which distinguishes their painting. As Van Eyck is to the Vivarini, so is Rubens to Paolo Veronese.

cy or to search the secrets of the soul of man.

Gian Bellini brought the art of this second period of Venetian painting to perfection. In his altar-pictures the reverential spirit of early Italian art is combined with a feeling for colour and a dexterity in its treatment peculiar to Venice. Bellini cannot properly be called a master of the Renaissance. He falls into the same category as Francia, Fra Bartolommeo, Fra Angelico, Perugino, who adhered to mediæval modes of thought and sentiment, while attaining at isolated points to the freedom of the Renaissance. Bellini's ground of superiority was colour. In him the colourists of Venice found a perfect master, and no one has surpassed him in the difficult art of giving tone to pure and luminous tints in complex combination. There is one picture of Bellini's at Venice in the church of San Zaccaria, Madonna enthroned beneath a gilded canopy with Saints, in which the art of the colourist may be said to culminate in unsurpassable perfection. The whole painting is bathed in a soft but luminous haze of gold; yet each figure has its own individuality of treatment—the glowing fire of St. Peter contrasting with the pearly coolness of the drapery and flesh-tints of the Magdalen. No brushwork is perceptible. The whole surface and substance has been elaborated into one harmonious homogeneous richness of tone that defies analysis. Between this picture, so strong in its smoothness, and any masterpiece of Velasquez, so rugged in its strength, what a wide abyss of inadequate half-achievements, of smooth feebleness and feeble ruggedness, exists! Giorgione, did we but possess enough of his authentic work to judge by, would be found the first true painter of the Renaissance among the Venetians—the inaugurator of the third and great period. But he died young, at the age of thirty-six, the inheritor of unfulfilled renown. The part he played in the development of Venetian art was similar to that of Marlowe in the history of our drama. He first cut painting wholly adrift from mediæval moorings and launched it on the waves of the Renaissance liberty. While equal as a colourist to Bellini, though in a different and more sensuous region, Giorgione by the boldness and inventiveness of his conception, proved himself a painter of the calibre of Titian. His drawings, like those of his great successors, are miracles of form evolved without outline by massive dis-

tributions of light and shade, suggestive of colouring. Time has destroyed his frescoes. Criticism has reduced the number of his genuine easel pictures to half-a-dozen. He exists as a great name. Of the undisputed pictures by Giorgione the grandest is his Monk at the Clavichord, in the Pitti Palace at Florence. The young man has his fingers on the keys; he is modulating in a mood of grave and sustained emotion; his head is turned away towards an old man who stands by him. On his other side is a boy. These two figures are but foils and adjuncts to the musician in the middle; and the whole interest of his face lies in its intense emotion—the very soul of music, as expressed in Browning's Abt Vogler, passing through his eyes. This power of painting the portrait of a soul in one of its deepest moments, possessed by Giorgione, is displayed again in the so-called *Begrüssung* of the Dresden Gallery. The picture is a large landscape. Jacob and Rachel meet and salute each other with a kiss. But the shepherd lying beneath the shade of a chestnut tree near a well at a little distance has a whole Arcadia of intense yearning in the eyes of sympathy with which he gazes on the lovers. Fate has dealt less unkindly with Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, than with Giorgione. The works of these supreme artists, in whom the Venetian Renaissance culminated, have been preserved to us in vast numbers and in excellent condition. Chronologically speaking, Titian precedes Tintoretto, and Tintoretto is somewhat anterior to Veronese. But for the purpose of criticism the three painters may be considered together as the representatives of three marked aspects in the Venetian Renaissance.

Let us first briefly characterize their qualities, and then proceed to more detailed remarks upon their several styles.

Tintoretto, called by the Italians the Thunderbolt of Painting, because of his vehement impulsiveness and rapidity of execution, soars above his brethren in the faculty of pure imagination. It was he too who brought to its perfection the poetry of chiaroscuro, expressing moods of passion and emotion by brusque lights and luminous half shadows and opaque darkness, as unmistakably as Beethoven by contrasted chords. Veronese elevated pageantry to the height of art. His domain is noonday sunlight ablaze on gorgeous dresses and Palladian architecture. Titian, in a wise harmony, without the Æschylean fury of Tintoretto or

the sumptuous arrogance of Veronese, realized the ideal of pure beauty. Continuing the traditions of Bellini and Giorgione, with a breadth of treatment, a wisdom of moderation, a vigour and intensity of well balanced genius peculiar to himself, Titian gave to colour in landscape and the human form a sublime yet sensuous poetry which no other painter in the world has reached. In his Assumption of the Virgin, his Bacchus and Ariadne, his Venus of the Tribune, his allegory of the Three Ages, Titian achieved the most consummate triumphs of Venetian art. Tintoretto and Veronese are both of them excessive: the imagination of Tintoretto is too passionate, too scathing; the sense of splendour in Veronese is overpoweringly pompous; Titian's exquisite humanity, his large and sane nature, gives their proper value to the imaginative and the pompous elements of Venetian art without exaggerating either. In his masterpieces composition, thought, colour, sentiment are carried to their ultimate perfection, as the many-sided expression of one imaginative intuition, by which the supreme artist gives one harmonious tone to all the parts of his production. Titian, the Venetian Sophocles, has infused into his painting the spirit of music, the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders, making his power incarnate in a form of grace.

Round these great men—Titian, the Sophocles of painting, perfect in his harmonizing faculty, unrivalled in his empire over colour; Tintoretto, the archangel of chiaroscuro, the Titan of audacious composition, the priest of a passionate imagination; Veronese, the poet of insolent and worldly pomp—are grouped a host of secondary but distinguished painters: the two Palmas, idyllic Bonifazio, Paris Bordone, the Robusti, the Caliari, the Bassani, and others whom it would be tedious to mention. One breath, one afflatus inspired them all. Superior or inferior as they may relatively be among themselves, each bears the indubitable stamp of the Venetian Renaissance, and produces work of a quality that raises him to a high rank among the artists of the world. In the same way the spirit of the Renaissance passing over the dramatists of our Elizabethan era enabled intellects of average force to take rank in the company of the noblest. Ford, Massinger, Heywood, Decker, Webster, Tourneur, Marston, are seated on the steps of the throne at the feet of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Johnson, Fletcher.

In order to penetrate the characteristics of Venetian art more thoroughly, it will be needful to enter into detailed criticism of the three chief masters who command the school. To begin with Veronese: What is the world of objects to which he introduces us?

His canvases are nearly always large, filled with figures of the size of life, massed together in brilliant groups, or extended beneath white marble colonnades, enclosing spaces of blue sky and silvery cloud. Armour, shot colours in satins and silks, brocaded canopies, banners, plate, fruit, sceptres, crowns, everything in fact that the sun can shine upon, form the habitual furniture of his pictures. Rearing horses, dogs, dwarfs, cats, when occasion serves, are brought in to add reality, vivacity, grotesqueness to his scenes. His men and women are large, well-proportioned, vigorous, eminent for pose and gesture rather than for grace and loveliness, distinguished by adult rather than adolescent charms. Veronese has no choice type of beauty. We find in him on the contrary a somewhat coarse display of animal force in men, and of superb voluptuousness in women. He prefers to paint women draped in gorgeous raiment, as if he had not felt the majestic beauty of statuesque nudity. His noblest creatures are men of about twenty-five, manly, brawny, full of nerve and vigour. In all this Veronese is not unlike Rubens. But he never, like Rubens, appears to us gross, sensual, fleshly; he remains proud, pompous, powerful. He raises neither repulsion nor desire, but displays with the cold strength of art the empire of the mundane spirit. All that is refulgent in pageantry, all the equipage of arrogant wealth, the lust of the eye and the pride of life, such vision as the fiend offered to Christ on the mountain of temptation, this is Veronese's realm.

Again, he has no flashes of imagination like Tintoretto; but his grip on the realities of the world, his faculty for poetizing prosaic magnificence is greater. Veronese is precisely the painter suited to a nation of bankers, in whom the associations of the counting-house and the exchange mingled with the responsibilities of the Senate and the passions of princes. Veronese never painted vehement emotions. There are no brusque movements, no extended arms, like those of Tintoretto's Magdalen in the Pietà at Milan. His Christs and Marias and martyrs of all sorts are composed, serious, courtly,

well-fed, sleek personages, who, like people of the world accidentally overtaken by some tragic misfortune, do not stoop to distortions or express more than a grave surprise, a decorous sense of pain. The Venetian Rothschilds undoubtedly preferred the sumptuous to the imaginative treatment of sacred subjects. To do him justice, Veronese does not make what would in his case have been the mistake of choosing the tragedies of the Bible for representation in his pictures. It is the story of Esther, with its royal audiences, coronations, processions; the marriage feast of Cana; the banquet in the house of Levi, that he selects by preference. Even these he removes into a region far from biblical associations. His *mise en scène* is invariably an idealization of Italian luxury — vast open palace courts and loggias, crowded with guests in splendid attire and with magnificent lacqueys. The same love of display led him to delight in allegory — not allegory of the deep and mystic order, but of the pompous and processional, in which Venice appears enthroned among the deities, or Jupiter fulminates against the vices, or the Genii of the arts are personified as handsome women and blooming boys. Tintoretto is not at home in this somewhat crass atmosphere of mundane splendour. He requires more thought and fancy as a stimulus to creation. He cannot be contented to reproduce even in the most lustrous combination what he sees around him of gorgeous and magnificent and vigorous. There must be some scope for poetry in the conception, for audacity in the composition, something in the subject which can rouse the prophetic faculty and evoke the seer in the artist; or Tintoretto does not rise to his own altitude. Accordingly we find that Tintoretto, in abrupt contrast with Veronese selects by preference the most tragic and dramatic subjects that can be found in sacred or profane history.* The Crucifixion with its agonizing Deity and

prostrate groups of women sunk below the grief of tears; the temptation of Christ in the wilderness, with its passionate contrast of the grey-robed Man of Sorrows and the ruby-winged voluptuous fiend; the temptation of Adam in Eden, a luxurious Idyll of the fascination of the spirit by the flesh; paradise, a tempest of souls, a drift of saints and angels, "running" like Lucretian atoms or gold-dust in sunbeams "along the illimitable inane," and driven by the celestial whirlwind that performs the movement of the spheres; the destruction of the world, in which all the fountains and rivers and lakes and oceans of earth have formed one foaming cataract, that thunders with cities and nations in its rapids down a bottomless gulf, while all the winds and hurricanes of the air have grown into one furious blast that carries souls like dead leaves up to judgment; the plague of the fiery serpents — multitudes encoiled and writhing on a burning waste of sand; the Massacre of the Innocents, with its spilt of blood on slippery pavements of porphyry and serpentine; the Delivery of the Tables of the Law to Moses amid cloud on Mount Sinai — a white, ecstatic, lightning-smitten man emerging in the splendour of apparent Godhead; the anguish of the Magdalen above her martyred God; the solemn silence of Christ before Pilate; the rushing of the wings of Seraphim; the clangour of the Trump that wakes the Dead: these are the awful and soul-stirring themes that Tintoretto handles with the ease of mastery. He is the poet of infinity and passion; the Prospero of arch-angelic Ariels; the Faust of spiritual Helens; the majestic scene-painter of a theatre as high and broad and deep as heaven and earth and hell. But it is not only in the region of the vast and tempestuous and tragic that Tintoretto finds himself at home. He is equal to every task that can be imposed upon the imagination. Provided only that the spiritual fount be stirred, the jet of living water gushes forth pure, inexhaustible, and limpid. In his Marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne, that most perfect idyll of the sensuous fancy from which sensuality is absent; in his Temptation of Adam, that symphony of greys and browns and ivory more lustrous than the crimson and the gold of sunset skies; in his miracle of St. Agnes, that lamb-like maiden with her snow-white lamb among the soldiers and the courtiers and the priests of Rome, Tintoretto has added one more proof that the fiery genius

* Perhaps the most profound characteristic of Tintoretto is that he attempts to depict situations that are eminently poetic. The poet imagines a situation in which spiritual or emotional life is paramount, and a sense of the body subordinate. The painter selects a situation in which the body is of first importance, and a spiritual or emotional activity is suggested. But Tintoretto grapples immediately with poetic ideas, and often fails in his attempt to realize them completely. Michael Angelo did the same. His sculpture in San Lorenzo, compared with Greek sculpture, is an invasion of the proper domain of poetry or music. Moses, in the picture of the Golden Calf in Santa Maria dell' Orto, is a poem and not a true picture. The lean pale ecstatic stretching out his emaciated arms, presents no beauty of attitude or outline. Energy of thought is conspicuous in the figure.

of Titanic artists can pierce and irradiate the placid and the tender secrets of the soul with more consummate mastery than falls to the lot of those who make tranquillity their special province. Paolo Veronese never penetrated to this inner shrine of beauty, this Holiest of Holies where the Sister Graces dwell. He could not paint waxen limbs, with silver lights and golden, and transparent mysteries of shadow, like those of Bacchus, Eve, and Ariadne. Titian himself was powerless to imagine movement like that of Aphrodite floating in the air above the lovers, or of Madonna adorning Christ in the Paradiso, or of Christ himself judging by the silent simplicity of his divine attitude the worldly judge at whose tribunal he stands, or of the tempter raising his jewelled arms aloft to dazzle with meretricious lustre the impassive God above him, or of Eve leaning in irresistible seductiveness against the fatal tree, or of St. Mark down-rushing through the air to save the slave that cried to him, or of the Mary who has fallen asleep with folded hands from utter exhaustion of agony at the foot of the Cross. It is in these attitudes, movements, gestures, that Tintoretto makes the human body an index and symbol of the profoundest, most tragic, most poetic, most delicious thought and feeling of the inmost soul. In daylight radiance of colour, he is surpassed, perhaps, by Veronese. In perfect mastery of every portion of his art, in solidity of execution, in firm, unwavering grip upon his subject, he falls below the level of Titian. Hundreds of his pictures are unworthy of his genius — hurriedly designed, rapidly dashed in, studied by candlelight, with brusque effects of abnormal light and shadow, hastily daubed with colours that have not stood the test of time. He is a gigantic improvisatore — a Gustave Doré or a John Martin on the scale of Michael Angelo: that is the worst thing we can say of him. But in the swift intuitions of the spirit, in the purities and sublimities of the prophet-poet's soul, neither Veronese nor Titian can approach him.

How, lastly, are we to speak of Titian? Who shall seize on the salient characteristics of an artist whose glory it is to offer nothing over-prominent, who keeps the middle path of sanity and perfection? Just as complete health may be defined as the absence of any obtrusive sensation, just as virtue has been defined as the just proportion between two extravagances, so is the art of Titian a golden mediocrity of joy unbroken by brusque move-

ments of the passions, a well-tempered harmony in which no thrilling note suggests the possibility of discord. When we think of Titian we are irresistibly led to think of music. His Assumption of the Madonna, the greatest single picture in the world, if we exclude Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto, may best be described as a symphony — a symphony of colour, in which every hue is brought into melodious play; a symphony of movement in which every line communicates celestial sense of rhythm; a symphony of light in which there is no cloud; a symphony of joy in which saints, angels, and God himself sing Hallelujah. Tintoretto, in the Scuola di San Rocco, has painted an Assumption of the Virgin with characteristic energy and impulsiveness. A group of agitated men around an open tomb; a rush of air and clash of seraph wings above; a blaze of light; a woman borne with sideways swaying figure from darkness into splendour; that is his picture: all brio, bustle, speed. Quickly conceived, carelessly executed, this painting bears the emphatic impress of its author's impetuous soul. But Titian has worked on a different method. On the earth among the apostles there is energy and action enough; ardent faces straining upward, impatient men raising impatient arms, and vainly divesting themselves of their raiment, as if they too might follow her they love. In heaven is splendour that eclipses half of the archangel who holds the crown, and reveals the Father of Spirits in a halo of golden glory. Between earth and heaven, amid a choir of angelic children, stands that mighty mother of the faith of Christ, that personified Humanity, who was Mary and is now a goddess, ecstatic yet tranquil, not yet accustomed to the skies, but far above the grossness and the incapacities of earth. The grand style can go no further than in this picture, serene, composed, meditated, enduring, yet full of dramatic energy and profound feeling.

To talk about Titian is a kind of profanity. He does not stir the imagination like Tintoretto, or sting the senses, or awake unquenchable ardours in the soul. But he gives to the mind joy of which it can never weary, pure, well-balanced pleasures that cannot satiate, a satisfaction not to be repented of, a sweetness that will not pall. It is easy to tire of Veronese; it is possible to be fatigued by Tintoretto; Titian waits not for moods or humours in the spectator. Like Nature, like Pheidias, he is imperishable.

In the course of this attempt to analyze the specific qualities of Tintoretto, Veronese, and Titian, we have wandered from the main subject we proposed to treat,—the character of the Renaissance as exemplified by the Venetian masters. It was necessary to do so, because the points of difference between them are personal, while their point of accord is complete participation in the spirit of Renaissance liberty. Nowhere in Italy was art more absolutely emancipated from servile obedience to ecclesiastical traditions than at Venice. Nowhere was the Christian history treated with a more vivid realism, harmonized more naturally with pagan mythology, or more completely disinfected of mediæval mysticism. The frank liberty, the scientific positivism, the absolute sincerity, the candid and joyous acceptance of all facts in human and physical nature, which were the greatest qualities of the Renaissance, found no obstacle whatever to their free development in Venice.

The Umbrian pietism which influenced Raphael in his boyhood and from which he broke off too abruptly in his manhood, the gloomy prophecy of Savonarola which steeped the soul of Michael Angelo in melancholy, the psychological preoccupation of Leonardo, were alike unknown at Venice. Titian, Veronese, Tintoretto, were courtiers, men of the world, children of the people, men of pleasure; wealthy, urbane, independent; were all these by turns; but were never monks, or mystics, or philosophers. In the Renaissance-spirit which possessed them religion found a place; sensuality was not rejected, but the religion was sane and manly; the sensuality was vigorous and virile. In a word Humanity, that marvellous complex of what we call flesh and spirit, lived in them and was mirrored in their hearts with absolute limpidity. There is no prudery, no effeminacy, no licence, no hypocrisy, no morbidity either of surperabundant sensualism or of exaggerated asceticism in their strong, concrete, splendid pageant of the newly discovered world.

From Good Words.

THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

BY MRS. FAIR, AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

CHAPTER VII.

"A SCHEME OF HIS."

NEVER had Mrs. Labouchere dressed herself with more care, surveyed herself more critically, nor found more reason to be satisfied with her personal appearance, than on the morning of her long-wished-for visit. Her heavy mourning was particularly becoming to her fair face and slender figure. Excitement gave a pretty flush to her cheeks, and made her eyes brighter than usual. Her chief perplexity arose from her doubts as to the manner in which Stephen would meet her. She had already decided that she would take her tone from him. If he was distant and frigid, she would be silent and grave; if he seemed agitated and embarrassed, she felt certain she should break down, for her nerves seemed strung up to a high pitch.

Finding that Mrs. Prescott was in the morning room, she desired the man not to announce her, but, opening the door herself, she went up to her aunt, around whose neck she threw her arms, and clinging there for an instant, as if to gain courage, she raised her head, and timidly turned her eyes towards Sir Stephen, who, to her great mortification, came most composedly towards her, holding out his hand as he said—

"How do you do, Katherine? Glad to see you looking so much better. Mother tells me you have not been well lately. What an age it is since we met!"

Mrs. Labouchere felt her face grow crimson. Do all she could, she found it impossible to steady her voice to answer as she wished. Her confusion, however, seemed quite lost upon Sir Stephen, who went on—

"I have been half over the world since I saw you. I expect you find this climate rather trying after such a sojourn in Italy. I felt myself shivering in the biting wind of yesterday."

And this was the meeting she had yearned for and looked forward to? Yes; and this, too, was the meeting that he had spent whole days and nights in picturing when, and where, and how it would take place. So devotedly had Stephen Prescott loved Katherine Douglas, so implicitly had he trusted her, so thoroughly had he believed in her, that for years he could not separate the ideal

which had called forth his love, from the fair shape with which he had identified it. Now that his eyes were opened he saw that Katherine was no more that sweet creation, than is the player the mimic queen whose name for the hour she bears. Had her love been false to his, he could have made more excuse for her than for the cold calculating nature, which set love aside until death untied the money bags, that had weighed down the scale against plighted troth and passionate devotion. When he read those passages in his mother's letters, speaking of the sacrifice which Katherine had made, and which devotion to him alone had prompted, he laughed bitterly; but when, as she grew bolder, Mrs. Prescott ventured to say, that Katherine could not disguise her anxiety to gain any atom of news about him, and that it was plain, to one that watched her narrowly, that her hope of happiness lay in the thought that some day he might forgive her, renew their shattered ties, and live over again those days of peace and joy, about which she never wearied of talking, Sir Stephen felt all his old feelings of hatred and bitterness come back. So, she was going to try and carry out her scheme, and he was to be lured back and cajoled into a marriage.

He could fancy himself portrayed by the hands of his mother, how she would picture him heartbroken, wandering in a distant land, banished by a grief he could not overcome, reckless, mad;—and so he had been once, but not now. "My love is dead," he exclaimed joyfully, "dead for ever!" why then keep away? Ah, why indeed? he would go back at once: he would go home, meet Mrs. Labouchere, and by treating her with the unceremonious indifference relatives often exercise towards each other, show her that not only was his love for her dead, but that even the memory of it was forgotten. And truly, if he sought revenge in the success of this plan, he secured it. Katherine felt humbled to the dust. Nothing could have so completely overthrown her. Had he refused to meet her, to speak to her, had he poured forth a torrent of reproach against her, she could have met it. But with this present manner how could she act, what fault could she find? She was not a woman to be easily cast down, but her heart sank at the blurred prospect before her.

Between this first meeting and the time when Sir Stephen paid the visit to

Garston, which ultimately resulted in his going down to Mallett, nearly a year had elapsed. During this period Mrs. Labouchere had tried many plans, and laid innumerable snares, into which she hoped her cousin would fall. She had remained in town, gone away from town, stayed with his mother, absented herself from the house; had been distant, friendly, sad, lively, all in turns, and all to no purpose. Sir Stephen's manner was unaltered, and he remained indifferent and apparently unconscious.

A complete change seemed to have been effected in their characters. In place of devoted, worshipping Stephen, and calm, calculating Katherine, he now was perfectly self-possessed, while she found herself racked and tossed about, at the mercy of the man who had formerly been her slave; watching for his presence, craving for his love, and guilty on his account of a thousand weaknesses, which she lacked the sense or the strength to conceal.

Money was now valueless in her eyes when compared with Stephen's love;—the past glory or present decay of Pamphillon quite forgotten in straining after the goal she was at present putting forth all her energies to gain; and while the object of her solicitude was enjoying the fresh breezes and briny odors of Mallett, Katherine stayed with her aunt, indulging herself by listening to Mrs. Prescott's assurance that, in spite of his altered manner, Stephen's love was unimpaired.

In his home letters Sir Stephen had not thought fit to enter into much detail about his visit to Mallett. He had merely told his mother that having found it necessary to give his personal attention to several matters at Combe, he should be detained there longer than he had anticipated. He felt sure, he said, that she would be pleased with Mallett, and, as he should go there again in the summer, he hoped that he should induce her to accompany him. The scenery was wild and picturesque, the people very primitive, and the air delicious and invigorating. A postscript added that he had accepted an invitation to stay while there with his neighbour, Captain Carthew, to whose house she would please to forward his letters.

"Stephen knows that I will not go to Combe unless you go with me, Katherine," said Mrs. Prescott; "I wonder now, if this is a scheme of his to get us all down to some quiet retired spot." Poor Mrs. Prescott was so anxious for the ful-

filament of her heart's desire that she ran every event into that groove.

"I don't suppose Stephen would wish you to ask me, aunt; and if you did, he would not care about my going."

"Now, that is not fair of you, Katie; you seem to expect that Stephen is to suddenly ignore the past, which is utterly impossible. When a great love has been shaken, it takes a long time before it can trust again. Do you think that if he did not like to see you, he would be always telling me to ask you here?"

Mrs. Labouchere restrained herself from giving utterance to the wish that he would object to see her, avoid her, do anything but ignore her.

"I am sure," added Mrs. Prescott, "I hardly ever receive a letter from him without constant mention of you; and that does not look like indifference."

Katherine sighed.

"He must find it very dull at this place," she said; "he does not speak of having met any one there."

"Oh, no! there is no society of any kind; it is a most out-of-the-way place. Your uncle had been there in his boyhood, and he used to speak of it as being most wild and un-get-at-able. The inhabitants in his day were a set of semi-barbarous smugglers and wreckers. Of course things are changed for the better there as elsewhere; but I fancy it is still very far behind the rest of the world."

"Combe is a very small estate?" asked Katherine.

"Quite, in comparison to Pamphillon. I hope Stephen will not be induced to lay out a lot of money on the place. It would be very foolish, for he could never live there."

"Ah! how valueless is money when one cannot do the good with it one longs to!" said Katherine sadly.

"I know what you mean, dear;" and Mrs. Prescott pressed her niece's hand tenderly; "but we must have patience. I fear Stephen's pride is a strong bar to his happiness; perhaps thrown, as he must be now entirely upon himself, he may see things in a very different light. Poor fellow, I wonder how he gets through his evenings?"

Very merrily, she would have said, could she have seen the despondent swain standing up with the Captain and Hero perfecting himself in the mysteries of a reel, which Alice played on the old-fashioned piano.

"A little faster, Alice," Hero would call out, her whole energies bent on

her pupil's accomplishment of his task. "The other hand, Sir Stephen; come along, papa—don't stop."

"My wig and feathers, child, I must take breath. You youngsters forget the amount of ballast I carry." Notwithstanding which the old man danced away as merrily as his pretty daughter.

"Alice, look round; he does it capitably; isn't it all right? Now you may sit down, Sir Stephen, and we'll release you. Alice dear, thank you; nobody plays the Fairy dance as you do. I'm longing for to-morrow evening, it will be such fun."

"Remember, you are to be my first partner," said Sir Stephen.

"I am not likely to forget that," returned Hero.

"Oh, I don't know; I daresay I shall have all the beaux of the place looking daggers at me for my presumption. Miss Carthew is sure to be surrounded by admirers, is she not, Miss Joslyn?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Alice, "I'd advise you to secure her beforehand; for she is always engaged for every dance, and there is generally a contention about taking her home."

"Taking her home!"

"Yes," laughed Hero, "you know there is but one fly in all Mallett, so it is our fashion to walk home with our last partner and —"

"Now you have done for yourself," said Sir Stephen, "for I put in the first claim to the last dance. It is of no use your looking 'No' at me; you will have to give up your pre-arranged tête-à-tête walk with —"

"Tell me his name," he whispered to Alice; but Alice shook her head, and Hero, with a pretty confusion, which betrayed itself in most becoming blushes, said, "I am sure I would rather go home with you than with any one who will be there to-morrow."

CHAPTER VIII.

SORRY TO GO.

"THE doings up to Combe" were over. Both parties had given the greatest satisfaction, and in each cottage and house about Mallett the entire conversation ran on the events which had taken place on the particular evening when those who spoke were present. Nothing could exceed Sir Stephen's popularity. He had been so attentive to everybody that, as Miss Batt truly remarked, each for the time felt the favoured one. Then it was

so nice of him to take Mrs. Randall down to supper. Of course, the Captain had told him about her father having been a K.C.B. and the governor at the Cape; for nobody knew better than the Captain what was proper—you might always trust to him.

"My dear," exclaimed Mrs. Jamieson to her deaf sister, Miss Kellow, "did you ever see such a magnificent supper?"

"Splendid, and all from Dockmouth too; it must have cost a pretty penny."

"That's what I like to see—the heart to do it, and the means to pay for it. How nice all the girls looked, to be sure! I don't believe there was one but Sir Stephen danced with. As I said to Captain White, I'd be bound for it, he didn't often see prettier faces than he met here."

Among the second batch opinions were equally favourable. Sir Stephen had led off the triumph with Mrs. Carne; joined in the reels, and made a most beautiful speech, the best part of which was, that he was coming again in the summer, and that then he should ask them all back again.

"Cap'en took good care nobody was passed over," said Hepzibah Bunce, who, uniting the trades of grocer and tobacconist, was generally sure to have several loungers in her little shop.

"I say," she continued, "didn't Miss Hero look a reg'lar booty, all in white with a red rose in her hair?"

The heads were nodded in general assent.

"I reckon," said Ned Wallis, "her'd take the wind out the sails of some o' the taller-faced Londoners he sees. Coast-guardsmen was asking o' me if he wasn't casting a eye that way."

"The very same struck me," said Hepzibah, "and a pretty pair they'd make too; folks do say, her's gived her company to that young Despard, but I for one hope 't isn't so."

"He's a likely young chap," said one of the younger men admiringly.

"Iss; but you mustn't take people by their looks, nor parsons by their books," and Hepzibah gave a knowing laugh, "else I s'pose he wouldn't stand in his own shoes."

"Why, what do'ee mean?" asked the same man, who, not being Mallett born, was but imperfectly up in the domestic history of its inhabitants.

"Mean!" said Hepzibah, "why, nothin' that I know by; only from first to last there's bin a goodish lot o' talk about who this young Despard is. I'm sure he car-

ried his head as high as if he was the Emperor o' Rooshia's son; and so he may be for anything I can gainsay, or anybody else in Mallett, I take it."

"Sir Stephen's still up to Sharrows, I s'pose?" said Wallis.

"Well, the talk was he was goin' a Friday, but he ain't gone yet, for he was in to Joe's this morning."

"Well, I'm glad to see he ain't in no hurry to be off. I'll wager he don't find better quarters." In which opinion perhaps Sir Stephen shared, for the festivities had been over now for four days past, and yet he lingered at Mallett.

He had, however, positively decided upon leaving the next morning—a decision he was somewhat ruefully contemplating, as he stood waiting for Hero to join him in a farewell stroll to Combe Point.

"I feel quite sorry to go," he thought, "I've taken such a fancy to the place, and as to old Carthew, I seem to have known him all my life; I never felt so at home in any house. My mother must like them; that girl has such pretty, unaffected ways, I'd defy any one to see her at home and not be charmed with her. What a nice wife she'll make! I don't see any one about this place for her to marry, though;" and here, giving a rather lugubrious sigh, his meditations seemed to come to an end, and he stood making thrusts in the direction of a clump of old sea-pinks, too sturdy to be easily dislodged. Suddenly a sound above made him look up. It was Hero, running down the steep path with the surefootedness of a goat.

"Take care! take care!" he called out, his admiration of her agility curbed by fear lest she should slip.

"Take care of what?"

"Why, that you don't—" but with the bravado of high spirits and perfect confidence, before he could finish his sentence she had given another run, and with a final jump was at his side.

"You are not tired of waiting, I hope," she said; "papa kept us; Alice and he will be here in a moment, and I ran on in front to tell you."

"And to frighten me out of my life."

"Frighten you! How did I frighten you?"

"Why, by running down the rocks as you did. Suppose that you had fallen, what should I have done then?" Sir Stephen's looks and tone somehow conveyed a great deal more meaning than his words.

"Why, picked me up, of course," said Hero, laughing, and getting a little red; "unless," she added, trying to talk down her slight confusion, "I had tumbled on top of you, as I did before. Oh! dear me! I shall never forget our first meeting; shall you?"

"No, indeed;" and a quickening of his heart, as he looked at her, made him instinctively lower his voice, as he said, not quite knowing why he said it, "And will you promise that you will not forget me before I come again?"

"Forget you, Sir Stephen!" and Hero opened wide her eyes in astonishment, "you don't know what an event your coming has been to us all; we shall do nothing but talk of it until you come back again."

"Then you will think of me sometimes?"

How she wished that her father and Alice would make haste!

"To hear you," she answered, not looking up from the imaginary picture she was drawing with a bit of cast-up stick on the sand, "one would fancy that I had heaps of things to take my attention. Why, I shall think of you fifty times more than you will think of—Mallett."

"Say, of me," and he bent down towards her.

"Mallett and *me* mean the same."

"No, I am afraid not; Mallett is mine already, you know, but —"

"Dear me, what a time they are in coming!" exclaimed Hero, suddenly springing up on the nearest stone; "I think I hear them," she continued hurriedly. "Papa! Alice! come," she called, as Captain Carthew and Alice appeared leisurely strolling down together. "It will be nightfall before we get to the Point."

"I wonder what on earth made her do that!" thought Sir Stephen. "By Jove, I believe my head was gone. What odd beings women are! I wonder if she had any idea what I was going to say."

Hero gave him no further chance for a tête-à-tête. She so managed it, that they all four walked side by side until they reached the Point, where Sir Stephen proposed they should scramble up to the old bullace-tree.

"Yes, do," said the Captain. "I'll stop below, and give the signal of recall; but remember there's no keeping the tide waiting."

"Come, Miss Carthew," said Sir Stephen, as he jumped upon the flat slippery rocks.

"Come along, Alice," said Hero following him; but Alice shook her head, "No, I am going to stay with the Captain," she answered, "I am too tired to mount that hill."

"We shall only be a few minutes gone," said Sir Stephen, with a great increase of cheerfulness. "Now, you must let me help you, Miss Carthew. Give me your hand." But Hero did not stir.

"Nonsense, Alice," she said, "you are not so tired as all that. Come along, I shall not go unless you go," and she made as if she would step down to the beach again.

"Hero! Miss Carthew," Sir Stephen whispered, "remember it is my last evening. Why cannot you come with me?" She did not answer. "Alice," she repeated, with a look, which made Alice very reluctantly prepare to accompany them.

Sir Stephen of course could say nothing, but he felt unreasonably angry. Until Alice proposed staying behind, the idea of going alone with Hero had not presented itself; but directly it did, and was frustrated, it seemed to him the thing he most desired and cared for. It was in vain he tried to conceal his vexation; a cloud seemed to have settled upon them, and it was not long before they rejoined the Captain. During the walk back Sir Stephen remained unusually silent. He had never felt a more irresistible desire to quarrel with any one, than he did with Hero, in whose direction he never once looked, although she cast several furtive glances towards him. "I almost wish I had gone," she thought. "If he only knew about Leo, I would not mind; but we won't keep it secret any longer, I would rather now that every one knew. I can see that he is vexed with me." By the time they reached the house, even the Captain began to feel the chill which had fallen upon them. "It's turned quite cold," he said, "I hope Betsey has had an eye to the fire while we have been gone."

Hero ran out to the wood-basket, and returned with a couple of fir cones, which she threw on the fire; then turning round, she found Sir Stephen close by her—the others were not in the room.

"It will soon blaze up," she stammered, all her self-consciousness returning; "I'll go and take off my hat, I think," but Sir Stephen did not move, he only stood looking at her reproachfully. "Let me pass," she said, with a little nervous laugh. "No, I won't let you pass," and he laid his hand detainingly upon her arm; "you shall stay here now, and"—but the Captain

was already in the room, exclaiming, "Halloo! why we're all one colour here! Come, Hero, let's have a light on the subject." But Hero had flown, and Sir Stephen began stirring the fire so vigorously, that the Captain said, "What, are you cold, too? I thought there was a change, somehow."

CHAPTER IX.

LEO DESPARD.

"I CANNOT bear saying Good-bye," said Hero.

"I am so sorry he is gone," said Alice, as the carriage which was to convey Sir Stephen to the station, finally turned into Ferry-bridge Lane, and was hidden by Parson's Hill. Captain Carthew had gone to Dockmouth with his friend, so the two girls returned alone to the house, by the gate of which, mounted on the hedge, they found Betsey, whose regard Sir Stephen had completely gained.

"Well, you've seed the last of 'im," she said discontentedly: "I run up here to catch sight of 'em rounding Ferry-bridge, but you might so well look for a needle in a bundle o' hay as hope to see anything for they Norris's clothes; they'm always washin' when any sight's going on."

"Ain't you sorry he's gone, Betsey?" asked Alice.

"Well, I be; and that's the truth," said Betsey, descending from her post of interrupted observation; "for he's one whose face I'd rather see than his back any day, though I can't say so much for that Jackanapes he brought to tend on 'im," meaning his man, whose contempt of Mallett and its inhabitants had given considerable offence. "Mrs. Tucker'll shake off the dust as comes from his feet with a light heart, anyhow," continued Betsey, "poor miserable toad, with his brass and his brag, as if anybody couldn't see the lies runnin' out of 'im like ile."

"Come, Betsey," said Hero, "I didn't notice so very much amiss with him."

"I dessay not; he was mealy-mouthed enuf before his betters, but his stomachky ways in the kitchen was past bidin'. I only wish I could ha' got'n to chapel with me; wouldn't he ha' had a slap in the face from Mr. Pethwick to the text of 'All flesh is grass.' He did just speak his mind to a few who needed it, and no mistake; but la! no, my lord must go to church like the gentry. 'I don't hold with chapels and meetin's,' he says. 'No,' says I, 'they tell'ee the truth there, and that dont suit your complaint, maister.'

However, that don't go for nothin' agen Sir Stephen, for he ain't his man, and his man ain't he, or else I shouldn't hope and trust, as I do, that he'll come and live here altogether. This mornin', when he come to wish me Good-bye, he says, 'Betsey,' says he, 'what w'd you say if I was to come to Combe to live?' 'Say! sir,' I says, 'why that you'd cut yer wisdom teeth at last; for I'm sure nobody, unless they was mazed, would live up to London, I reckon.'"

"Why not?" asked Alice.

"Why not?" said Betsey, "well, you just hear what Sarah Jane Mudge says of it; why, there ain't a bit o' butter that's fit to eat; and as for the milk, 'tis chalk and mess made up together; they don't know the meanin' o' wholesome victuals. Why, when Sarah Jane asked for a tough cake, the baker busted out laughin', and told her she was welcome to take her choice from they in the window; as for pilchards and hakes they'd never heard tell of 'em. Londoners, indeed! I shan't ever think much o' they after what Sarah Jane's told, and this poor ha'porth o' cheese we've seed. That minds me I'll pot down a hundred or so o' pilchards and some butter, and get maister to send it to Sir Stephen; I'll wager he'll be half starved when he gets back."

"I wish he *would* come and live here altogether," said Alice, as soon as Betsey had left them. "Do you like him, Hero?" she asked.

"Yes, very much. Why do you want to know?"

"Because I am very sure he likes you very much indeed. Hero, I believe he has fallen in love with you."

"Alice! you always think that of every body. Sir Stephen is not likely to give me a thought, and if he did, it would be of no use, *you* know that."

"Then you have quite made up your mind to accept Leo?" said Alice sadly.

"Quite made up my mind!" repeated Hero. "Why, Alice, you surely have forgotten him. I never have seen any one with whom I could compare Leo."

"I know he is very handsome and nice," said Alice, with a sigh; "but oh, Hero! he is not half as nice as you are; everybody says so."

"Then I am very angry with everybody, and as for you, if you were not so weak, you horrid little thing, I'd shake you until I made you confess that the very handsomest, sweetest, most lovable man you ever saw is Leopold Despard; and when I am his wife, I shall think myself the

most fortunate woman in the whole world."

Alice laughed.

"Very well," she said; "but I shall still continue to say, I wish you would marry Sir Stephen. I have thought about it since first I saw you together."

"Don't say so any more," said Hero gravely. "Of course I know the whole thing exists only in your imagination; but, if it did not, and he asked me twenty times, I should say No. Why, Alice, I love Leo with all my heart. There, I declare you have made me blush!" and she put up her hands to cover her face. Withdrawing them the next moment, she added, "Not that I am one bit ashamed if all the world heard me, for I am proud of my love and that he has given his love to me."

And had he given her his love? Yes; for as much as was in him to love any one, Leo Despard loved Hero Carthew. He could not change his nature, which was to care more for himself than for anybody else; but second to the worship of self, came his feeling for Hero. Perhaps combined with this was no small amount of vanity, for he knew himself envied by all the young fellows at Mallett as the fortunate suitor, who, in spite of their constant opportunities, had made the most of a short visit, and secured the prize they were all coveting. In his inward reveries Leo could not but regard Hero as a singularly fortunate being "for," he would say, "I've had capital opportunities, if I'd chosen to go in for rank or money, and it isn't every man would be constant to a girl without a stiver, as I do. Oh, dear! I wish she had a fortune, or I had, or somebody connected with us had, for she's awfully pretty, and very good style too when I take the country rust off her."

Poor Leo! he was always sighing after money, and envying the fortunate possessors of that, to him, all powerful talisman. Naturally of a weak character with strong faults, his home training had been most injudicious. Every one yielded to his wishes, pampered his vanity, and glossed over his imperfections. The world, he found, was not inclined to be so indulgent, therefore, having made up his mind to be a favourite, he set to work to accomplish his desire, and so happily did he succeed, that in a short time he was voted by his brother officers a first-rate fellow, and a capital companion. He spoke of himself as being the nephew and adopted son of the late rector of Mallett; and told the colonel's wife (who made it her business to find out every thing concerning each fresh comer to the

regiment) that his father and mother had both died while he was a very young child, and that he knew little or nothing about them, as his uncle, wishing to be regarded with parental affection, was always extremely reticent on the subject.

"So very strange," said his sharp questioner, "for, happening to mention you to some friends of mine, they said they used to know Mr. Despard years ago, but they never heard he had a brother, though they knew of a sister."

"Really!" said Leo, with assumed indifference. "Ah! I expect my poor father was not regarded as much credit to his family. I suppose they looked upon a man, who could in a few years run through a large fortune, as something second only to a criminal."

"Indeed! your mother's money, I presume?"

"Oh, yes; the Despards have not been burdened in that way for years," laughed Leo; "the name is about all we have to boast of; that's pretty good, I believe—at least my poor uncle used to tell me about our past glories—our coming over with the Conqueror, and so on; it pleased him, dear old man, though to me it is but sorry satisfaction to be descended from a line, who have left nothing behind them but the boast of Quixotic deeds, by which they contrived to ruin their family."

Then, having already discovered the lady's weakness, he adroitly turned the conversation to the peerage generally; and, plying her with questions relating to her intimates of exalted rank, he escaped further questioning, and was from that moment regarded by Mrs. Fitzgerald as a very gentlemanly young man. She gave out (embellishing his story with native talent) that he was the son of a man of good family, who married an heiress, ran through her money, and killed himself and her in a few years; that his uncle, old Walter Despard, an excellent man, but very eccentric, had brought him up and adopted him, and of course at his death had left him everything that he possessed.

Nothing could have been more fortunate for Leo than this excellent woman's appropriation of every kind of knowledge. She always spoke of persons by their Christian names, and with an air of such intimate acquaintanceship, that even those who knew her peculiarities best were never sure how much they ought to believe, and what they should give no credit to. There being nothing improbable in this narration, it was allowed to

pass, and now was so thoroughly believed in, that even Leo himself accepted it, and answered any questions or allusions, without the slightest qualms of conscience for propagating a story, which he took immense credit for not inventing.

Among the people who for many years were most interested about his origin, the one least concerned was Leo. As a child he had asked now and again about his dead father and mother, and was satisfied with a simple reply to his question. Later on he grew more inquisitive; but it was not until just before he obtained his commission, that the old rector felt obliged to tell him something of the truth; but even then, shrinking from inflicting a wound on the pride of the handsome boy, whom he loved with weak tenderness, he kept back whatever he could, and all Leo learned in this and future conversations was, that he had no right to the name of Despard, nor any legitimate claim on any other name; that his mother's origin was humble; that she had in some way attracted the notice of his father, who had been an early friend and college chum of Mr. Despard's. His father's name was Bernard, he had been of no profession, and had lived on bad terms with his family, who allowed him an income for his support. For some years before and after Leo's birth, Mr. Despard had lost sight of his friend, except that he knew he was living in Wales, and that Leo's mother passed as his wife. Suddenly something happened which caused Mr. Bernard to break this tie, and he came to Mr. Despard, who, with Aunt Lydia, was living in London, and asked him to take charge of the child, whose mother had deserted it. To this he consented, and soon became so attached to him that parting was never spoken of; the father had an aversion to see his son, and no inducement on Mr. Despard's part could overcome this prejudice. He kept away from the house, and, except on rare occasions and by letters, they held no communication. When Leo was about nine years old, his father wrote saying that he had just received intelligence of the mother's death, and that now he intended seeing the boy, and taking an interest in him. He appointed a day to pay them a visit; but before that day arrived, Mr. Despard was informed of his death, which was sudden, and the result of excitement, consequent on the failure of a speculation which had ruined him.

As there was no one to claim him, Mr. Despard gladly adopted the orphaned

boy, who, he said, had been the solace and comfort of his life. Naturally Leo asked many more questions, but this was the sum total of the knowledge he obtained, and with his usual discrimination, he saw that the less he knew the less he had to hide. As, therefore, there was nothing to be gained by being placed *au courant* with his history, his wisest course was to accept the present and ignore the past. Few men were more popular than Leo. He seemed to make fresh friends wherever the regiment happened to be, and these, too, were invariably the best people in the best set.

What wonder then that Mallett seemed dull to him, and its inhabitants, excepting Leo, insupportably uninteresting. Besides, he knew that much of his history was known there, and this caused him to dislike the place. He felt that his attachment to Hero was the great weakness of his life, still he cared for her more than for any other girl he had ever seen; and he had made up his mind, that as soon as he conveniently could, he would marry her, and, to use his own expression, cut Mallett altogether. "If her old father and Aunt Lydia would only drop off the hooks," he would say, "I could clear myself of these abominable duns. But there's no such luck. In a place like that, they live as long as they like. I wonder how I shall get through the time there!"—for, in consequence of a letter which he had received from Hero, he had applied to get the charge of some forts that were to be built close to Combe; and if he obtained the appointment, he would probably spend three or four months there, a longer time than he and Hero had yet been together.

CHAPTER X.

"THAT EXTREME SIMPLICITY."

SIR STEPHEN found Mrs. Labouchere still staying with his mother, unable to resist the pleasure of meeting him, although her judgment told her that it would be wiser for them to see less of each other.

She gave some slight excuse for having delayed her intended departure, adding, "I have been trying to persuade aunt to go down to Cumberland with me; I think it might give her strength, for she has not seemed at all well lately. Indeed, that is one reason why I have remained here; I hardly liked leaving her alone."

"Thank you very much," said Sir Ste-

phen. "I always feel she is perfectly safe when you are with her; I do not know what she would do without you now."

"I do not know what I should do without her," replied Katherine, without looking up; "she is the same to me that she ever was. Most other things have so changed."

"Yes, that's true," said Sir Stephen complacently; "it's wonderful how things alter."

"And people too, I think."

"Well, I suppose they do; as they get older they get wiser and —"

"Colder."

"No, I do not know that that is always the case; less demonstrative, perhaps, but I should be sorry to think I had less power of feeling now than I possessed years ago."

"You have attained the power of keeping it remarkably under control;" and Katherine, whose voice shook with suppressed emotion, and whose pale face had turned crimson, got up quickly and went out of the room.

"What on earth does she mean now?" exclaimed Sir Stephen as soon as the door had closed upon her; "I have never been favoured with anything of this kind before;" and he sat reflecting for some minutes. Then, resuming his newspaper with a relieved air, he decided that it meant nothing but a desire that he should be more cousinly, and take a greater interest in her property, about which she had often endeavoured to get his advice.

Katherine had a great deal more pride than to affect the rôle of a love-sick girl. She had scrupulously endeavoured that Sir Stephen should see none of her plans, and, as, after the first meeting, there had been nothing in her manner towards him which could excite his suspicions, he had come to the conclusion that she was willing to accept matters as they stood. Her annoyance at having, as she conceived, betrayed her feelings, was excessive; and, exaggerating her words and manner to herself, she felt overwhelmed with shame at the thought of meeting him again. He had, however, dismissed the matter from his mind, and was already intent on giving his mother a favourable impression of Mallett.

"I am longing for you to go down there, mother," he said; "I can fancy the sensation your caps and bonnets will produce."

Mrs. Prescott smiled pleasantly. "Poor ladies," she said, "I am sure I should be

delighted to gratify them; I had no idea the people were sufficiently cultivated to care about such a thing as fashion."

"Nonsense, mother; why you forgot that they are but six miles from Dockmouth, one of our largest naval ports."

"I thought you told me that you had a drive of twenty miles."

"So I did, but that was because I knew nothing of the boat, and drove there."

"Boat! oh! is there a steamboat?"

"No, a sailing boat; a steamer would never do there. You have no idea of the wildness of the place; magnificent rocks running out in all directions, and a surf that dashes against them with tremendous force."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Prescott, not entering at all into her son's enthusiasm; "but of course one never need go by water?"

"No; but I'll take odds you will not have been there a week before you will thoroughly enjoy a sail."

"Stephen!"

"You will, I assure you, mother; not at first, I know, for I hesitated at taking Miss Carthew, it looked so rough, but she assured me that it would be all right outside, and it was — like glass."

"Really!" said Mrs. Prescott. "Miss Carthew, did you say?"

"Yes, Captain Carthew lost his wife when his daughter was born."

"Indeed! Rather an elderly Miss, I suppose?"

"No, a very young girl."

"You have not mentioned her before," said Mrs. Prescott after a pause, during which she had eyed her son sharply. Only unconcern, however, was to be seen in his face.

"Did I not? I was very much engrossed while I was there; the place is in a sad condition. It will take far more time than I can give to it in one summer to get it into anything like decent condition."

"I hope you are not thinking of spending money on it, Stephen," said Mrs. Prescott dolefully; "it brings you in next to nothing, and you will never find a tenant for it."

"Perhaps some day I may go and live there myself," Sir Stephen answered, with a laugh. "It is getting high time for me to settle down and marry, if I am ever to do so." Mrs. Prescott's manner brightened. Here was a little opening for the introduction of her favourite scheme, which of late she had thought best to keep in abeyance.

"Nonsense, my dear," she said cheerfully. "I hope when you marry, you will contrive to fix upon some one who will bring grist enough to the mill to set Pamphillon going again. It has been the dream of my life to see you there, Stephen. You have been cruelly dispossessed of your inheritance, but there is no doubt but your uncle was mad, quite mad, and had been so for many years."

Sir Stephen shook his head.

"Whether he was mad or sane, I don't know; but *this* I know, that I wish he had contrived that any one but me should have been saddled with his ruined estate. It has fettered my whole life, and kept me poor, and made me discontented."

Mrs. Prescott's thin, careworn face twitched, her mouth worked nervously, and her eyes filled with tears.

"You take a painfully exaggerated view of things, Stephen," she said, in a voice that threatened an outburst of tears, to avoid which her son got up, and, taking her hand, said, soothingly—

"Now, mother, don't misinterpret my words. You always take anything I say about this as a reproach to yourself, which is so very absurd. *You* could not prevent my uncle gambling away his inheritance; *you* had nothing to do with the law that made me heir to a beggared baronetcy. God knows! you did your duty, if ever any woman did, and you will have your reward, mother; I shall never be able to repay you all you have suffered and borne for me. There, there," he added, kissing her affectionately, "don't think anything more of it, or you'll be getting one of your bad attacks. I only wish we could settle, and have done with the whole thing. I never shall understand your unaccountable opposition to selling the place. That is the only sensible course."

Mrs. Prescott's whole aspect underwent a sudden change. Her weakness vanished, her face altered, as she said, in a passionate voice—

"I will never give my consent to your selling Pamphillon. I would bear anything rather than see you part with the estate."

"The old cry," said Sir Stephen, in a vexed tone. "Now, mother, I ask you, or any one, what possible reason is there in what you say?"

"Every reason," replied Mrs. Prescott, "and every person with a grain of feeling would admit, that the idea of a man selling a place which has belonged for hundreds of years to his family, and keeping another in a wild, out-of-the-way, un-

heard-of district, is most unnatural and unaccountable."

Sir Stephen tried to control himself by changing his chair and his position.

"As usual in these discussions, you are putting the matter in quite a wrong light, mother. My feelings have nothing to do with a thing about which I have not the slightest choice. If I had a sufficient income to keep up both estates, I should do so; or if by selling Combe I could keep Pamphillon, I should be only too willing to do it. I can tell you that it will be no light matter to see the old place go from me. But how do I stand? The owner of two estates for which I can do nothing—the houses upon them are tumbling down for want of proper repairs, the people are sickly from bad drainage, and brutalized from the way in which they are compelled to herd together."

"I am sure you do all you can for them," said Mrs. Prescott stolidly; "we live in the quietest manner possible; you are constantly straitened, through building for this one, and repairing for that one, and what on earth more can they expect?"

"Why, this, that if I cannot afford to do what as holder of the land it is my duty to do, I should give up my authority to a man who *could* live among them, raise them by his influence, and exercise beneficially the only right by which he should hold mastery—the power to advance the well-being of the fellow-creatures dependent upon us."

"Oh, dear, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Prescott; "these new-fashioned sentiments are quite beyond me. In my day it was enough that a place belonged to a family, and that they did their best for those who lived upon the land. No Quixotic notions then existed about giving up an inheritance because you couldn't afford to build model cottages upon it, and introduce a heap of new inventions, which, though they may be called improvements, tend to nothing so much as making people discontented with their condition of life."

"It is quite useless to attempt to reason with you, my dear mother," said Sir Stephen, hopelessly; "but if you would try and remember that the world does not stand still, and that its progress is not entirely confined to one class of society, you will find that all people in the present day are forming a pretty correct notion of what should exist, and what may not be tolerated. Don't think," he

added, "that what I contemplate doing is a pleasant task to me. I shrink from putting my plan into practice, but how am I to avoid making the sacrifice?"

"If you are bent upon sacrifice, there are more ways than one of making yourself a martyr."

"Perhaps so," said her son in a despondent tone; "but I see no other way of obtaining a sufficient income for my purpose."

"There is marriage;" and this time Mrs. Prescott felt her voice quiver. "Were I you, rather than part with Pamphillon, I should take a wife with a fortune ample enough to enable me to carry out these plans, which you seem to consider an essential part of a landlord's duty."

"Ah! it is rather difficult to meet such wives nowadays."

Mrs. Prescott's face assumed an expression between a sneer and a smile.

"So I should fancy," she said, "by the way in which a woman known to have money is run after. It is positively offensive to see the way in which some men pursue Katherine, and without ever having received from her a word, or a look of encouragement."

"Indeed! I forgot that she was in the matrimonial market."

"Then you are more obtuse than your friends, my dear;" and Mrs. Prescott, nettled by the tone of his remark, drew herself up as she added, "I assure you, if Katherine felt so disposed, she might wear a coronet."

"And why is she not so disposed? Does grief for the late Mr. Labouchere preclude even that consolation? What a striking illustration of conjugal fidelity!"

"You adopt anything but a nice tone in speaking of Katherine," said Mrs. Prescott, assuming her most injured air. "You seem to forget, Stephen, that she is my niece."

"I beg your pardon, mother. I never think of her as anything else."

"We all know," added Mrs. Prescott, "that she was guilty of great apparent inconsistency, and, no doubt, she committed a very grave mistake—but, gracious me, is Katherine the only one who has fallen into error? Are we not all open to temptation? and, if contrition and sorrow cannot induce forgiveness, I fear that it is but empty mockery, Stephen, to ask that our trespasses may be forgiven as we forgive those who trespass against us."

"I really don't see the application,

mother, and we have wandered entirely away from the original discussion. Mrs. Labouchere can have nothing to do with my keeping or parting with Pamphillon, and still less with my marrying or being given in marriage."

Mrs. Prescott did not answer. She was thinking over what her son had said. Had he really made up his mind to set about this business? or could she avert the trouble, as she had done before?

"Stephen," she said earnestly, "will you give me a promise?"

"Certainly, if it is in my power to keep it, and if it is within reason."

"Will you promise me not to take any steps in this plan of getting rid of Pamphillon, until you have been to Combe again and seen, by the experience of living there for a time, whether it would be possible for you to live there all your life."

Sir Stephen seemed to hesitate.

"I will promise to go down with you," said his mother.

"In that case, decidedly, I say, Yes."

"And I have your promise that you will not speak a word about selling to Simpson or to your agent?"

"Yes, I give you my word to remain perfectly passive until we have been to Mallett."

"Thank you."

And with a feeling of respite, Mrs. Prescott went to her own room, locked the door, and sitting down, drew a sigh of relief.

"What shall I do?" she murmured after a few minutes of silent meditation.

"Am I never to know rest? Ah! if my life could be written, what a warning it would be to those who are prone to give way to impulse! It seems to me now, as if in five minutes I destroyed my entire peace of mind. Not that I did it for my own sake, nor to secure anything for myself. God knows that I should have been contented. But I could not see my fatherless boy defrauded, robbed by a man who acknowledged that he was mad. Ah! truly he has much to answer for! What right had he to remain silent about the state of his affairs? He must have known that he left nothing for his successor but beggary. If I had but known *that*, only known it, oh, how different my life would have been!"

"Who is that knocking?" she asked nervously, hearing some one tapping at the door.

"It's only I, aunt. Never mind if you are engaged, I will go down-stairs."

"No, dear, wait a moment — come in. I was wishing to speak to you."

Mrs. Labouchere looked at her aunt for a moment; then, putting her hand on her shoulder, she said —

"You have been crying, aunt. Nothing has happened to trouble you?"

"Only the old trouble, Katey;" and her tears began to fall afresh. "Stephen has been talking about Pamphillon. He says, that unless he gets an addition to his income, he must and will sell it."

Katherine sat down, clasped her hands, and looked the very picture of despondency.

"I have feared for a long time past," she said in a low tone, "that things would never be altered."

But Mrs. Prescott had a forlorn hope in view, and it would never do for Katherine to give in. Away from society, thrown upon the constant companionship of his beautiful cousin, much might still be accomplished; and Mrs. Prescott determined that no stone should be left unturned, while they were at Combe, to bring these two together.

"Katherine," she said, "although Stephen is my son, I cannot be blind to his faults, nor shut my eyes to his overweening pride. I believe he would rather die than let you imagine that he cared one pin's point for you."

"I do not believe that he does," said Katherine, the memory of the morning's conversation still strong within her.

"My dear," replied Mrs. Prescott, "Stephen is far less careful to hide his feelings from me now, than he was at first. He knows the many admirers you have, that it rests with you whether you will be Lady Fareham; he asked me why you did not marry again. Indeed, I am perfectly convinced that it is nothing but your fortune that keeps him silent; if you had returned to us penniless, Katherine, Stephen would long since have been at your feet."

"Oh, aunt!" exclaimed Katherine suddenly. "How bent he is upon misunderstanding me! He little thinks what I would give to be poor dependent Katherine Douglas again."

Mrs. Prescott looked at her niece, and she could not help that look being one of admiration.

"What a strange thing life is!" she said gravely; "almost every one we meet envies you, Katherine. Only a few days since, when Mrs. Constable was telling me of their loss, she said that you were the one person who, it seemed to

her, could have nothing left to wish for."

Katherine gave an impatient movement.

"That is what is being dinned into my ears from morning until night, as if wealth was the talisman of happiness. I am ready to admit," she added bitterly, "that its possession has made me wonderfully witty and charming in the eyes of many, who used to be blind to the attractions I believe I did once possess."

"My dear child, you are quite as attractive as you ever were. I often think that I never saw you looking better than you do now. It was only yesterday, when you and Flora Hardwick were standing together, that I was comparing you critically, and you are as young and fresh-looking as she is."

Mrs. Labouchere put her arms round her aunt's neck, and kissing her, as in the old days she had seldom done, she said —

"What should I do without you?"

This new feeling of love, combined with the experience of her married life, had greatly softened Katherine's nature, for, as in the case of many another woman, sorrow sat better on her than prosperity. Careless observers would have said, that she was far more vain now than when confident in her beauty, she seemed to lay little store by it. The truth was, her opinion of herself was not quite so high as formerly. She was filled with anxious dread lest her beauty was on the wane; she set down the compliments paid to her as so much homage to her money; she envied women to whom Sir Stephen was paying any particular attention, or whom he said he admired. Fears which were groundless; for Sir Stephen seldom met her without acknowledging what a beautiful face she had — very superior, he was obliged to own, in feature and contour to Hero's. The one face seemed to appeal entirely to the eye, the other went straight to the heart. Few people with love in their composition could resist the charm of Hero's winning sweetness. She inspired you with the desire to caress her — to take her soft-rounded cheeks between your hands, and look into eyes that were by unexpected turns tender and mischievous. Since his visit to Mallett, Sir Stephen had often, when looking at Katherine, conjured up a vision of Hero to place by her side; and he congratulated himself that even in absence Hero's witchery carried off the palm; and then he would smile at the odd way in which things had come about. To

think that he should have been a wanderer all these years, without seeing any one to awaken the slightest feeling of love within him; and then that, down in this out-of-the-way place, whither he had gone from a sense of duty sorely at variance with inclination, he should meet this "gem of purest ray serene," who in a week had turned his head, and taken possession of his heart. Once again at Mallett, he determined to have no delay about this wooing, the success of which he felt pretty confident of. The principal person he had to consider was his mother. He wanted the two to care for each other, "and," thought he, "as that dear old mother of mine will need a little management,—perhaps as the time is drawing near for our visit,—it may be as well to say something that will prepare her to take an interest in Hero."

Therefore, soon after, as they sat together one morning at breakfast, he said—

"I think I told you, mother, what a pretty girl Miss Carthew, with whose father I stayed at Mallett, is. I hope you will like her; they were, very kind and hospitable to me."

Generally Mrs. Prescott had none of those fancies which torment some mothers, whenever their sons speak in praise or admiration of the girls they meet, but anxiety on Katherine's account rendered her painfully watchful. Since their conversation regarding his selling Pamphillon, she had never seen Sir Stephen bestow more attention, than she considered politeness demanded, without being filled with fears, lest her darling plan should be put an end to.

"How old is she?" she asked.

"I hardly quite know—something, I should say, between eighteen and twenty."

"I cannot fancy how I could have been so misled about her," said Mrs. Prescott, taking an instinctive dislike to this rustic beauty. "At first I understood that she was a middle-aged person, then when you spoke of her it was as of a mere child."

"Well," and Sir Stephen feeling a little guilty, tried to laugh over the false impression he had given. "And really so she is a child, compared with many girls, though I daresay I should offend her dignity very much were I to tell her so."

"Some of these childish young ladies are exceedingly sharp in making good use of their simplicity," said Mrs. Prescott, pursing up her mouth. "I must

confess that I am growing rather afraid of that extreme simplicity."

"Come, come, mother, now that is not yourself speaking. Nobody admires a fresh young girl more than you do. Why, I always say I inherit my taste for unaffectedness from my old-young mother."

Mrs. Prescott's eyes beamed with pleasurable emotion.

"Well," she said, "I am glad to think you do. Certainly I greatly enjoy the sight of a pretty young girl; but the world terribly spoils one's heart, Stephen; we meet so many counterfeits, that at last we fail to recognize what is real and true."

"I don't think Miss Carthew will disappoint you; at least I hope not, for I have set my heart upon you two being great friends."

"Indeed! have you?" and all Mrs. Prescott's fears coming back, she added with a nervous little laugh—

"And why, I wonder?"

When, from a sense that he owed it to his mother to say something to her on the matter, Sir Stephen commenced this conversation, he had no idea how diffident and awkward he should find it, to give any hint of the feelings he entertained towards Hero. He began to wish he had said nothing about her. He saw that this would have been his wisest course. The only one now left was to say as little as possible; so he answered Mrs. Prescott's question with—

"Oh! for no particular reason, only that I like her, and we have always contrived somehow to take a fancy to the same people."

"That is true." And Mrs. Prescott gave a sigh, which caused her son to look inquiringly at her. "Don't be vexed with me," she said, putting her hand on his; "but where I once set my heart, there it is for ever. Ah, Stephen, you little know how I centred my hopes upon you and Katherine, nor what it costs me to see you so widely severed."

Sir Stephen drew his hand away.

"It is very strange," he said, "that every now and then you *will* enter upon this subject. You must see how distasteful it is to me. Surely, you do not want me to tell you that I once gave Katherine all my love, which she killed so completely and effectually that, if I desired it, I could no more revive the feeling than I could bring a dead body to life. For years she robbed me of the power of feeling or bestowing love, she took from me every hope of happiness, she made me a

wretched, purposeless wanderer; and yet you wonder to see us separated; you say it grieves you to see me utterly indifferent to her—mother!" And he got up, and walked out of the room, leaving Mrs. Prescott overwhelmed by this unusual display of passion. She sat for some time, looking hopelessly at the door by which her son had gone out, then, roused by a noise outside, she arose, saying—

"God help me to endure to the end; it cannot be long if I have much more to bear!"

From The Cornhill Magazine.
ANAGRAMS.

"L'ANAGRAMME," says Richelet, "est une des plus grandes inepties de l'esprit humain: il faut être sot pour s'en amuser, et pis que sot pour en faire." Though, like most things, the study of anagrams may be decried as trifling, it is certainly difficult, and generally pleasing. A few words, therefore, on their origin, number, nature, composition, use, and purpose, may be regarded as not out of place in this magazine.

The origin of anagrams lies in obscurity; their author is unknown. That the art of composing them arose among the Hebrews is not unlikely, having regard to the veneration in which the Hebrews held not only the words of their language, but also the letters composing the words, which are to be found in their sacred volumes. "Secret mysteries," say the Cabbalists—those mystic preservers of a supposed traditionary teaching—"are woven in the numbers of letters."

There is a story that Lycophron, who has the reputation of being the inventor of anagrams, was a good Hebrew scholar, and thence drew his knowledge of the art. The Lycophron of France was Joannes Auratus, the golden poet who anagrammatized his own name into "Ars en nova vatis." ("Behold the new art of the bard.") The art, however, was not new, as we may suppose the writer to have well known.

The use of anagrams remains yet to be discovered, unless it is supposed to be that their composition gives acuteness to the mental faculties, for the opinion of Artemidorus, the philosopher, that they conduce to the interpretation of dreams, may be rejected as a visionary idea. For their nature, like the atoms or individual bodies of Democritus, are the letters of

an anagram, from which, cast by fortune or skill into various relations with each other, all things are made.

For their purpose, though it shall be said that the innocent diversion of anagrams and other *jeux de l'esprit* possesses little interest for a serious age, which loves to read highly-spiced romances, it suited well our pregoers, who possessed not such literary advantages as ourselves.

Anagrams, besides affording pleasure in their composition, were sometimes used in defence as a kind of *nom de guerre*. And though, in the *Scribleriad*, anagrams appear in the land of false wit,—

But with still more disordered march advance,
(Nor march it seemed, but wild fantastic dance,)
The uncouth ANAGRAMS, distorted train
Shifting, in double mazes, o'er the plain—

and sour critics dislike them, "yet," says the venerable Camden, and after him Disraeli, and after him a hundred others, and after them the writer of the present paper, "yet do good anagrams yield a delightful comfort, and pleasant motion in honest minds."

Anagrams, if silence on any subject be a proof of its disesteem, have now little honour. They are seldom mentioned but in books of riddles, of which they generally occupy, if any space be devoted to them, the few last pages. But in their case, let us rather suppose no news to be good news, and that they still occupy that high estate in the minds of some fit, though few, which they held when Louis XIII. bestowed a pension of 1,200 livres on Thomas Billon, an acute Provençal who had applied himself to the study of their construction, with the title of "Anagrammatist to the King;" and when such historians as Camden the learned, and such poets as Heywood, disdained not to record them, or to compose them for instruction or for amusement.

"This dainty device, and disport of wit not without pleasure," says Camden, "has been by some carried to an excess. Considering names as divine notes foretelling events, and attaching themselves to the dreams of Artemidorus and of the Cabbalists, they have converted Anagrammatism into Onomantia, or an art of fortune-telling by names. The art is, indeed, of high antiquity, if we may believe the Rabbin, who say that an esoteric law was given to Moses, to be handed down in the posterity of certain seventy men, and therefore called Cabbala or traditional. And they say that this law was

nothing but a volume of alphabetary revolution, or anagrammatism, with all which we may compare the well-known Christian parastich or acrostich of ΙΧΘΥΣ.

If an art is to be commended in proportion to its difficulty and the patience required in it, the art of anagrams may be well commended. The art of pure anagrams is spoken of, in which there must be no arbitrary change of letters or licentious innovations in orthography. "For," as Camden declares in his *Remains*, "some have been seen to bite their pen, scratch their heads, bend their brows, bite their lips, beat the board, tear their paper, when their names were fair for somewhat, and caught nothing therein."

For the definition, an anagram is a word or words, formed by the artificial transposition of the letters of a given word or words. The subject of the anagram is generally a proper name; and the anagram itself most frequently presents a meaning, complimentary or the reverse, to the person to whom the name belongs. Every anagram so much the nearer approaches perfection as it is the farther removed from licence. Those who attach themselves scrupulously to the rules of the anagram, permit no change, omission, or addition of letters therein, but with the exception of the "k," which they say cannot challenge the right of a letter, require the letters of the anagram to be precisely the same as those of its subject. Others less timid take a larger, and indeed almost poetical, licence, and besides occasionally omitting or adding a letter, think themselves justified in writing, when they find such a change desirable, and that the resulting sense falls aptly, e for æ, v for w, s for z, c for k, and *vice versa*. Anagrams of this formation are called "impure." Lycophron, before mentioned, one of the Pleiads of the Court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, has left us two, little worthy of the author of the dark poem *Cassandra* and of the most obscure writer of antiquity.

The one was a compliment to his prince, ἀπό μέλιτος from Προκλεαῖος (out of honey, from Ptolemy), to mark the sweetness of his disposition; the other to his queen Ἀρσινόη (Arsinoë), the Greek letters of which name, being transposed, form ἰὼν ἕβας (the violet of Juno). Both these anagrams are exact or pure. Tzetzes, the interpreter of Lycophron, tells us that his author was more dear to Ptolemy for his anagrams than for his verse. After Lycophron, some other Greeks disported themselves in these "literary triflings," to

borrow an appellation from Disraeli. Thus we have Ἀτλας (Atlas), the old all-wise Titan god, who sustained the lofty pillars which separated earth from heaven, converted into τῆλας (wretched), which well he may have been in his endurance. And no inferior moral lesson to that of the sophist Prodicus, in his episode of the "Choice of Hercules," did he convey, who, out of Ἀρετῇ (virtue) produced Ἐπατῇ (the lovely). Some "*Epicuri de grege porcus*" must have discovered the anagram of ἱλαρός (joyous) in ἡλαρός (warm).

Not the worst specimen of Greek anagrammatizing were those composed, one by Joannes Auratus, upon the name of Him who was "brought as a sheep to the slaughter," Ἰησοῦς (Jesus), Σὸ ἡ οὐς (Thou art the sheep), with which compare Taylor's Jehova into oveja (sheep), and those of Camden's good friend Utenhovius, ΕΛΙΣΑΒΗΘΑ (Elizabeth) into ΘΕΑ ΒΑΣΙΛΗ (The Goddess Queen), and Ἐλισαβήθ ἡ Βασίλισσα (Queen Elizabeth) into Ζαβέη Βασιλείας Λιββῆς (Divine dew of the Kingdom).

Examples, however, of Greek anagrams are rare, the best are those following:—Alexander, being about to raise the siege of Troy, dreamed that he saw a Satyr emerge from a dark wood, and dance before him. After some trouble he caught the Satyr, and awoke. On consulting his wise men, they formed from the Greek word Σάτυρος (Satyr), these words, Τύρος σά (Tyre is thine). The next day the anagram was accomplished.

So Constantine, son of Heraclius, being prepared for battle, dreamed that he was on his way to "Thessalonica." This he told to one of his attendants, who, repeating the Greek word Θεσσαλονίκην (Thessalonica) slowly, and with proper pauses, said, Θες ἄλλω νίκην (Leave the victory to another). Constantine took no heed of this warning, and, engaging the enemy, soon after was defeated. This, however, is not an instance of an anagram, as there is no different arrangement of letters; the meaning is obtained simply by the division of syllables. Nor is it exact, as one letter is omitted, one added, and one changed.

The Romans seem altogether to have despised "anagrams," and literary toil of a like nature. "Turpe est," says Martial, "difficiles habere nugas, et stultus labor est ineptiarum." Latin anagrams are generally of modern discovery. So we have from Roma (Rome), Maro and amor (love); from corpus (body), porcus (pig); from Galenus (Galen), angelus (angel);

and from logica (logic), caligo (darkness). Of these, the last approaches the nature of its subject more nearly than that immediately preceding it. There are, however, among the Romans, a few specimens of that pseudo-anagram referred to in the story of Constantine, which consists in dividing a single word into two or more. Such is the riddle of the god Terminus, mentioned by Aulus Gellius in his twelfth book of *Noctes Atticæ*. It is proposed by Gellius, as a *scirpus*, or what the Greeks called an ænigma, "which I lately found," he continues, "ancient, by Hercules! and exceedingly crafty, composed in three Iambic verses; this I leave unanswered, to sharpen the conjectures of my readers in their investigation." This seems to be the earliest instance of a fashion, now much in vogue, amongst the lower order of journals and magazines, of leaving the solution to the next number.

The three verses are these:—

Semel, minusve, an bis minus, non sat scio,
An utrumque eorum, ut quondam audiui dicier,
Jovi ipsi regi noluit concedere.

"He," says Gellius, "who is tired of investigating, may find the 'answer' in the second book of M. Varro to Marcellus on the Latin language."

The "answer" is Terminus, a species of anagram from ter-minus. Ovid declares that all the crowd of gods gave place to Jove, except Terminus, who held his ground. So the author of the riddle doubts whether it was once, or less, or twice less or thrice less (ter-minus), *i.e.* the two former added together; who, as he once heard, was unwilling to yield even to King Jove himself. And so "sustineamus" gives "sustinea-mus." Pilate's question, "Quid est veritas?"—the reply being contained in the demand—was left unanswered. "Est vir qui adest." This is an exact and clever anagram, probably composed by some witty Churchman.

As specimens of the Latin anagrams of Daurot, or Joannes Auratus, the French poet above mentioned, the following are given. From Martinus Basanierius, a celebrated astronomer of the time, "Musæ nubiarum in astris." From Claudius Binetus, a lawyer with a taste for singing, "Venis tuba dulcis." From Edoardus Mollæus, an eloquent judge, "De ore vivo mella sudas." His own name, "Joannes Auratus," he also anagrammatized thus: "Ars vivet annosa" ("My art will live long.")

A simple but clever anagram is sug-

gested in the "Hymn to the Virgin Mary" in the following verse, which, from its setting, the French would call a gem encased in enamelled gold:—

Sumens illud Ave,
Gabrielis ore,
Funda nos in pace,
Mutans Evæ nomen!

Which may be represented thus:—

Ave for thy title claim,
From the mouth of Gabriel
Ave now for Eva's name,
Making us in peace to dwell.

Generally, of course, anagrams in foreign languages must vanish in translation.

A copy of the *Jesuita Vapulans* (Lugd. Bat., 1635) has written upon a fly-leaf the following anagrams, all of which are not perfect, on Andreas Rivetus.

Veritas res nuda,
Sed naturâ es vir,
Vir naturâ sedes,
E naturâ es rudis,
Sed es vitâ varus,
Sed rare vanitas,
In terra sua Deus,
Veni sudas terrâ.

Many of these small lines present sibylline difficulties, by no means proportioned to their size to the exegetist.

As a contrast to them we have the following on Mary Queen of Scots,—a pure anagram, telling in a single line her unhappy story:—

Maria Steuarda Scotorum regina.
Trusa vi regnis, morte amara cado.

Though Addison considers the regeneration of anagrams to have occurred in the times of "monkish ignorance," and thinks it no wonder that the monks should have employed their leisure time, of which he supposes them to have had great store, in the composition of such "tricks of writing as required much time but little capacity," it does not appear that the monks were in any way famous for these compositions; nor was Addison, perhaps, aware of the difficulty attending them or the ingenious turns they frequently display.

There is a specimen of anagrammatizing in the month of October, 1658, which is undoubtedly clever, and must have caused the compositor considerable toil.

The subject is the "Tenth Worthy, or that most highly-renowned. Worthy of Worthies, Oliver, late Lord Protector." The occasion was the following, expressed in verse. Sad news by post from Albion had summoned the author to

know what mighty planet had fallen, leaving the people in darkness. Some, considering the military skill of the dead man, said it was Mars; some Jupiter, as he was a *juvans pater* to three nations. The poet leaving us in doubt as to the planet, considers Oliver as an olive-branch of peace, and with many compliments to him and his family, introduces the following anagrams, in English, Latin, and Welsh, upon his name. In English: "O welcom' reliver;" "Rule welcom' Roy;" "Com' live our rule." In Latin: "Cor verum vel sol visu." In Welsh: "Y lleu mor cower" ("the lion so true"); "Lleu cower y mor" ("the true sea-lion"); "Lleu grea o Cymra" ("the best lion of Wales"). Not being acquainted with the Welsh language, we cannot vouch for the accuracy of these translations; indeed we are much inclined to suspect that of one of the two first, as, though the words are the same, a new idea seems to be introduced in the second. But the anagrams are exact, and the Latin one presents a happy combination. With regard to Elizabeth Cromwell, the anagrammatist hovers upon the verge of impoliteness, "Be comelier with zeal." Another of the same lady, in which s is written for z, and the surname is spelt with one l, is not open to the same objection: "Chast' love be my rule." Bridget Fleetwood, a member of the family, becomes "O tru' gifted beloved;" and Mary Faulconbridge, also a member, "Go main careful bride." This last is not exact by the addition of an e: the y and i are of course regarded as interchangeable.

Thomas Heywood has left us some anagrams on the names of certain men of his time. One on Sir Thomas Coventry, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, dedicated to him in some acrostic verses, "To charm out sin;" another rather antiquated, "O hye constant mure." One on Lady Robert Anna Carre, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, "Rarer cannot bear." One on that "worthy and most religious knight, Sir Paul Pindar." "Pray'r in D. Paul." The verses, an acrostic, begin thus, —

Sir Paul, of all that ever boare that name,
You to Saint Paul most deare are, and may
claime

Rare privilege; (I might say) above all
Priority, that beare the name of Paul.

Concluding with this distich, —

Saint Paul Sir Paul both travel: one with
care

To build Christ's Church: Paul's th' other to
repair.

It is as well for the anagrammatist to be certain of the correct way of spelling the name which he intends to anagrammatize. A story is told of a gentleman who experienced a great failure owing to a want of care in this respect. He intended to compliment a lady of considerable beauty to whom he was paying his addresses. Unable to purchase fame by keen iambics, he ventured on a mild anagram. The lady's name was, as he understood it, Elizabeth Chumley. Not having talents sufficient for the Elizabeth — over which poor word, though tortured in a thousand ways, a retrograde planet still seemed to hang — he considered it allowable, not being a strict anagrammatist, to change it into "Bess." Having confined himself in his study for several months, in spite of a plentiful lack of wit, by dint of unwearied toil, he at last reached the promised land. His anagram was this, "Angel best Lumley." The only objection to it is that the last word is a trifle too like the original, having besides no decided meaning, and the letters of the first word are not found in the remaining subject ("ch"). The gem was, however, set in an encased setting possessing a poetic character, and necessarily of the lover's own composition: —

STANZA I.

Most divine! adorable of women!
Bess Chumley!
Accept the following slight tribute of undying
affection, and heartfelt love
From me "best Lumley."

STANZA II.

Angel!

Upon presenting this child of his imagination to his lady, the reader may imagine his chagrin and disgust when he, that "homo miserrimæ patientiæ," was told by her with some asperity that her surname was not Chumley but Cholmondely. "Ibi omnis effusus labor." The writer is said to have soon afterwards lost his senses, which had been considerably impaired by the composition of his anagram.

With this story may be compared Disraeli's story of Frenzelius, a German who prided himself upon perpetuating the name of every eminent person who died in his time by an anagram; but is said to have experienced such mortal throes during their composition that he seemed to share in the last pangs of the dead he helped to make illustrious.

The old word for anagram was anagrammatism. The difference between them seemed to be this, that anagrammatism

refers rather to the work of transposition of the letters of a word, while anagram signifies the result of such transposition. So epigram signifies the thing inscribed and not the work of inscription. The English word inscription, by the way, has the meaning of inscript.

The numerical anagrams of the Italians, which are represented by the English chronograms, are the Greek *ισόψηφοι*; in which the numerical value of the letters of two words or sets of words is the same. The reader will understand that in Greek, as in Hebrew, letters served to express numbers.

These *ισόψηφοι* are mentioned by Gellius. They were considered by him with disfavour. A quantity of them were brought to him by a learned friend, in a book which he was at first inclined to regard as the horn of Achelous, filled with first fruits for Plenty by the Naiads, and shut himself up that he might read it without interruption. But the book contained, "oh, Jupiter! a mere collection of strange tales; such as who was the first called a grammarian, and wherefore Telemachus reposing touched not Pisistratus reposing near him with his hand, but raised him from sweet sleep by a kick with his heel. There also were written down the *ισόψηφοι* or equinumeral verses of Homer, and his acrostichs. These and many other such things were contained in this book."

So *Δημαγόρας* (Demagoras) was complimented with the term *λοιμός* (pest). The sum of the numbers expressed by the letters in the two names being identical and equal 420. A "stingless jest" in the opinion of Southey, and showing the malice rather than the wit of the satirist. So Heliodorus says that the Nile is nothing else than the year, founding his opinion on the fact that the numbers expressed by the letters of the *Νεῖλος*, Nile, are in Greek arithmetic, N=50; E=5; I=10; A=30; O=70; Σ=200; and these figures make up together 365, the number of days in the year. He does not seem to have reflected that *Νεῖλος* is not a word of Greek origin. Artemidorus, in his interpretation of dreams, warns us to beware of forming our *ισόψηφοι* incorrectly, lest being deceived we become inglorious. A certain man, he says, lay sick, and dreamed that one called Piso appeared to him. An oneirophat explained this of sure felicity, and that the sick person would live for ninety years longer, framing his conjectures from the first syllable of Piso written in Greek character, which presents the number 90. Nevertheless, he who had

seen Piso died soon after of the very sickness under which he then laboured. For Piso had seemed to present to him ointments, which for a sick man was of evil omen, as with them they anoint the dead. The dream of the sailor is unlike to this. For to him asking in his dream whether he should come to Rome, a phantasm answered "No!" using the Greek word *οὐ*. Yet he arrived there in 450 days. For it was all the same, whether the phantasm had told him this number, or the letters which signified it. The reason of inferiority of numbers is assigned by some for the victory of Hector over Patroclus, and of Achilles over Hector.

In Daniel and Deborah Dove, written with considerable licence in Greek spelling, the worthy "Doctor" found the prime number 761. Herein was a mystery. There could be no division between himself and his wife. They would continue to be in all respects as they had been "*duæ animæ in carne una*," two persons with but one disposition. But when the Doctor remembered that 1761 was the year of their marriage, supplying the deficient thousand with two M's for marriage and matrimony, he became delirious with joy, which the resemblance between "marriage" and "matrimony," urged by hostile critics, diminished not a tittle.

Daniel Dove extracted the quintessence of his own name, finding the mournful result, "leaden void," which he considered as inappropriate as that of Marguerite de Valois, "*de vertu royal image*." Another "*vel dona dei*" presented the faint semblance of a less unhappy meaning. Had one letter of Dove been changed, he might have become "Ovid." Thus he felt like the man whose lottery ticket was next in number to the 20,000*l.* prize. "Such a superstition," says Southey, "has been and ever will be latent in the most rational of men." So Barton believed there was some secret power and virtue in names. Unfortunately, however for this idea, the same name makes both good and evil, as in the case of Eleanor Davies, the wife of the poet, and the Cassandra of her age. Having formed the impure anagram "Reveal O Daniel" on her name, she made herself the organ of prophecies disagreeable to the government, a proceeding which nothing could check, but an arrow borrowed from her own quiver; "Dame Eleanor Davies," *i.e.* "never so mad a lady." Upon this being sent to her by an obliging friend, who had the interest of peace at heart, she re-

tired into private life, ceased from her charming agony, and her voice was heard no more. So Calvin, in the title of his *Institutions* printed at Strasburg in 1539, calls himself Alcuinus, the anagram of Calvinus, and the name of a person of some learning in the time of Charlemagne, contributing greatly to its restoration in that age. But François Rabelais (Alcofribas Nasier), in whose name, written in Latin, Calvin had found "*rabie læsus*," found for him, *en revanche*, an anagram of quite an opposite character, "*Jan Cul*."

There are several happy anagrams in French, as, for instance, that, historically just in sense, of the so-called daughter of the Orleans apothecary, the charming "*Marie Touchet*," mistress of Charles IX., "*Je charme tout*." Of Pierre de Ronsard, "*Rose de Pindare*," wherein, by an *æquitas prætoria*, the omission of two *r*'s may be pardoned for the elegance of the resulting sense. Of Frère Jacques Clément, the assassin of Henri III., "*C'est l'enfer qui m'a créé*." Of Louis de Boucherat, chancellor, "*Est la bouche du roi*." That of Pierre Coton, Jesuit and confessor of Henri IV., "*Perce ton roi*," is undeserved, and, therefore, worthless. Of Pilatre du Rosier, an aeronaut who had the misfortune to fall from his balloon on the 15th June, 1785, "*Tu es proie de l'air*." The reader who cares to investigate this anagram will find an *r* omitted. It is consequently inexact. In the next an *s* will be found added, Louis Quatorzième, roi de France et de Navarre, "*Va, Dieu confondra l'armée qui osera le résister*." The temptation to add or subtract a letter in the case of a lengthy anagram, successful only if such addition or subtraction is made, must be almost irresistible; but the anagram as an anagram is spoiled.

Anagrams are sometimes employed in heraldry. The House of Loraine bears les "*alérions*" or eaglets. J. B. Rousseau, ashamed of his father the cobbler, changed his name into Verniettes. In which Saurin discovered, what the author probably least intended, "*Tu te renies*."

So when Bonaparte came into power, the words *La Révolution Française* produced this anagram, "*Un Corse la finira*." But, in 1815, party-spirit discovered in the same words "*La France veut son roi*." Both these anagrams are, however, though witty, inexact.

The Cabbalists among the Jews are, as might be expected from what has been said above, mighty in anagrams. The

third part of their art, which they call *Themura*, or change, is concerned with nothing but the process of making them. By them they find many mysterious hidden and extraordinary senses in the words of Holy Writ. Out of Noah, by transposition of the Hebrew letters, they obtain "*grace*;" and out of "*Messiah*," "*and he will rejoice*." These examples are some of the most simple, and of those not revolting to the Christian reader. The Cabbalists have also chronograms, known in their system as *χρονογραμματα*, in the sense of letters representing numbers. This word is technically used to express an exegetical rule, according to which every letter of a word is reduced to its numerical value, and the word explained by another of the same value. As an example of this, in Gen xviii. 2. "*Lo! three men stood by him*," it is said that these were the angels Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael, because the letters composing their names have the same numerical value as those in the original verse.

The Cabbalists, it may be said *en passant*, have many conceits of this kind. Out of the letters forming the word "*man*" they compose "*benediction*," and out of those forming "*woman*" a "*curse*." With this we may compare their anagram of "*Væ*" from "*Eva*," because, they say, she was the cause of all our woes. Such misogynistic contrivances come meetly from the mouths of those, a part of whose thanksgiving in their order for daily prayer was once wont to be "*Blessed art thou, that thou hast not made me a woman, O Lord our God*."

The number of changes which may be formed out of any given word is easily found by the mathematical doctrine of permutations. In the mystic words of the Kabbala, "*Two letters build two houses, three letters build six houses, four build four and twenty houses, five build a hundred and twenty houses, six build seven hundred and twenty houses* . . . Go forth and imagine what neither the mouth is able to speak nor the ear is able to hear." — Ch. iv. Mishna iv.

German anagrams are comparatively rare. They may be said, from the specimen mentioned by Wheatley, to be as poor as they are rare. This is the specimen. At the general peace of 1814, a portion of Saxony fell to the share of Prussia. The king, to commemorate this addition to his kingdom, issued a new coinage of rix-dollars, with the name *ein Reichthaler*. The Saxons by that collat-

eral species of anagram before-mentioned, divided this word into *ein Reich stahl er* (he stole a kingdom). So the French in *La Sainte Alliance* found *La Sainte Canaille*. The derivations of *Leben* (life) from *Nebel* (a cloud), and of *Sarg* (a coffin) from *Gras* (grass), are simply palindromes.

Italian anagrams are still rarer than German. If in the one following the lady-subject was as beautiful as the anagram is happy, she must have been indeed a cynosure for neighbouring eyes. Anna Dudleia, *E la nuda Diana*. In this, there is a diæresis of the diphthong, which is allowed even in the pure anagram.

Anagrams have been, we have already said, frequently used as *noms de guerre*. So Voltaire is derived from Arouet l. j. or Arouet le jeune. "Frip," the signature of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, is an anagram of his initials. So W. Jerdan wrote for the *Literary Gazette* under the title of W. J. André. Another celebrated poet known, like Voltaire, to few but by his *nom de plume*, was Bryan Waller Procter, whose name was metamorphosed by an impure anagrammatism into "Barry Cornwall, poet," or "toper," whichever qualification may be preferred.

Retrograde anagrams, or those formed by the reading the letters backwards, belong to the species of palindromes or *Καρκινωί*. Of these we have an example in "deliver" from "reviled."* Anagrams with a retrograde meaning are presented to us in "untie" from "unite," in "real fun" from "funeral," "love to ruin" from "revolution," and in "repel," which is also a palindrome, from "leper." Many more might be added, were it not in the words of Lamennais, "triste de s'ennuyer, pour ennuyer les autres."

About a quarter of a century ago flourished an eminent physician, who was so bad a tradesman, and withal so wise a man, as to declare ruthless war against tight-lacing, &c., as regards ladies, and overfeeding, &c., as regards gentlemen. This child of light gave his opinions, of a sour sort, in unvarnished language, and would sooner offend the fashionable sensibilities of a patient than tell a lie. Notwithstanding these eccentricities, he managed to obtain and secure a large number of patients, some one of whom, irritated by his moral roughness and unpolished expressions, probably invented the ana-

gram which exists upon his name. John Abernethy was metamorphosed into "Johnny the Bear." Even "Ursa Major," says Southey, "would not dispute his title. Has any one who knows 'Johnny the Bear' heard his name thus anagrammatized without a smile! We may be sure he smiled and growled at the same time when he first heard it himself."

Of the legion of complimentary anagrams on persons of wealth and rank, which have been composed by hungry and needy "anagram-mongers," as the Water Poet calls them, who was himself no bad example of the class, no mention has been made. They possessed little interest for any but the persons whose names they ornamented, and the composers whom their fair seeming nourished with bread. Out of this class, however, we must except Mr. Tash, "an especial man in this faculty," who anagrammatized Lord Bacon's name thus —

Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Keeper,
Is born and elect for a rich speaker —

on account of the goodness of this anagram, and him who wrote —

John Wilson anagr. John Wilson.

Oh change it not! no sweeter name or thing
Throughout the world within our ears shall
ring —

on account of its heterodox politeness.

There are, doubtless, still many anagrammatists silver-tongued, and witty enough to convert Benlowes into *Benevolus*, as they did in the days of Pope; that the "poor gentleman to verify their anagram may spend his estate upon them."

Anagrams are not uncommon on tombs. For certain minds, as has been before observed, anagrams contained a religious importance. Some of the most remarkable are, one on Maria Arundel, "Man a dry laurel," and another on an old lady of sixty-six, who lies buried in Taplow church, and has this somewhat inappropriate anagram inscribed upon her tomb, Hester Mansfield "Mars fled in thee." The Pagan God, it would appear from some doggerel that is subjoined, fled before her when lecturing on true charity. The anagram of John Bunyan (Nu hony in a B), composed by himself, presents a striking example of a victory over orthographical difficulties.

The impure anagrams of Sir Edmund-bury Godfrey, who was found murdered on the south side of Primrose Hill, "By

* Akin to these are words which are the same whether read backwards or forwards. Such a word was the title of "Glenelg," chosen by the late Mr. Charles Grant, so succus, malum, oro, &c.

Rome's rude finger die," "I find murder'd by rogues," the pure ones of Horatio Nelson, "Honor est a Nilo," and of William Noy, the proposer of ship-money, "I moyl in law," may serve for mnemonic references — to the student of English history.

Fuller concludes the life of John Whitgift, that mirror of prelates, largely written in his ecclesiastical history, with an impure anagram, in respect of his mild proceedings — upon his name, Joannes Whitgiftus, "Non vi egit, faret Jesus." And a man of entirely different complexion of life, Ben Jonson, in his *Hymenæi*, has not thought an anagram unworthy of his learning. Juno is discovered in the clear æther sitting on a throne, her attire rich and queenlike, a white diadem on her head, in one hand a sceptre, and in the other a timbrel, and at her golden feet a lion's hide. Around her the spirits of the air make music, and Reason thus addresses the audience in her introduction: —

And see where Juno, whose great name
Is Unio, in her anagram,
Displays her glittering state and chair, &c.

The following anagram on "Egypt's favourite," by Sir F. Hubert, is of a consolatory character: —

And, Joseph, though thy sufferings be most great,

Yet think upon the letters of thy name:
Which being inverted, bring some comfort yet,
For [Hope is] is [Joseph], his anagram.

Of Edmund Waller, the poet, was written: —

His brows need not with laurel to be bound,
Since in his name with "lawrel" he is crowned.

In *Maunder's Treasury*, "her most gracious Majesty, Alexandrina Victoria," is transformed into "Ah, my extravagant, joco-serious, radical minister;" with which absurdity may be compared, to its honour, the anagram on Florence Nightingale, "Flit on, cheering angel." The following quaint conceits have all been collected by Mr. Wheeler, to whose ingenuity in seeking words in words we have been much indebted in the present paper: — Lawyers (sly-ware); matrimony (into my arm); melodrama (made moral); Old England (golden land); soldiers (lo! I dress); solemnity (yes, Milton); poorhouse (O! sour hope); telegraph (great help); *Notes and Queries* (O! send in a request); understanding (red nuts and gin); sweetheart (there we sat); charades (hard case); and catalogue (got as a clue).

Such are the quirks and quiddities of modern literature, which might have puzzled the old Cabiri.

But let us conclude in the terms of the learned Camden: — "It is time to stay, for some of the sour sort begin to laugh at these, when as yet they have no better insight in anagrams than wise *Sieur Gaulard*, who when he heard a gentleman report that he was at a supper, where they had not only good company and good cheer, but also savoury epigrams and fine anagrams: he returning home, rated and belouted his cook as an ignorant scullion that never dressed or served up to him either epigrams or anagrams. And as for these sour surlings, they are to be commended to *Sieur Gaulard*, and he with them jointly to their cooks and kitchen-stuff."

From The Spectator.

LORD LYTTON ON NAMES, AND THEIR INFLUENCE.

In the amusing opening of Lord Lytton's posthumous novel, "Kenelm Chillingly," there are some admirable remarks on the moral responsibilities of parents for the names they give to their children. Sir Peter Chillingly is very hard on his own name, and ascribes his mediocrity in great measure to it. "Peter," he says, to the assembled family council, "has been for many generations, as you are aware, the baptismal to which the eldest born of our family has been devoted. On the altar of that name I have been sacrificed. Never has there been a Sir Peter Chillingly who has in any way distinguished himself above his fellows. That name has been a dead-weight on my intellectual energies. In the catalogue of illustrious Englishmen there is, I think, no immortal Sir Peter, except Sir Peter Teazle, and he only exists on the comic stage;" and Sir Peter Chillingly might have added that Sir Peter Teazle is immortal only for the amusement he affords to others, not for any intrinsic capacity. One of the family council, however, suggests "Sir Peter Lely," on which Sir Peter Chillingly replies with unanswerable force, "that painter was not an Englishman. He was born in Westphalia, famous for hams. I confine my remarks to the children of our native land. I am aware that in foreign countries the name is not an extinguisher to the genius of its owner. But why? In other countries its

sound is modified. Pierre Corneille was a great man; but I put it to you whether, had he been an Englishman, he could have been the father of European tragedy as Peter Crow?" And Sir Peter might have added that Peter the Apostle got his weight from his Hebrew name, Cephas. Cephas gives the impression of a rock; Peter the impression of commonplace respectability, with a wavering turn. Now, Lord Lytton in touching this subject, touches one of the most real grievances which children have against rash parents, and he touches both sides of it. He not only deprecates the names which stamp a child with mediocrity, but he deprecates those which stamp him with an impress of absurd and indecent ambition. A crusty cousin had suggested that Sir Peter's child should be called Hannibal or Charlemagne, in order to give him adventitious grandeur, on which Sir Peter replies, with great temper and justice, "On the contrary, if you inflict on a man the burthen of one of these names, the glory of which he cannot reasonably expect to eclipse or even to equal, you crush him beneath the weight. If a poet were called John Milton, or William Shakespeare, he would not dare to publish even a sonnet. No, the choice of a name lies between the two extremes of ludicrous insignificance and oppressive renown." This is very just, and should bring remorse to many a parental heart. There is no more indelible mischief done to a child than either a grandiose or a mean name. The moral influence of names must be admitted, however, to depend in very great degree on somewhat arbitrary and subjective influences. We have heard a man deplore having been called "James" with the utmost pathos, asserting that it had to some extent made a flunkey of his very soul against his will. That man, of course, had been a student of Thackeray, and the subjective influences which worked upon his mind were of the Jeames de la Pluche order. Had he instead been steeped in Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and full of the chivalric associations with the Knight of Snowdon,—"And Normans call me James Fitz-James,"—he might have regarded his name as injurious to him, if at all, only through its too unreal, romantic associations. But who could have idealized the nickname Jim? That is, if not so flunkeyish as James, much more irredeemably descriptive of a soul at the

beck and call of society. It is to "James," even under its worst aspects, exactly what the footboy is to the flunkey,—and implies that respect or awe to the owner of such a name is simply impossible. Any one who had a taste for slipping good-naturedly through the world, and for being familiarly treated by everybody he met, might not object to be called Jim. It is an honest sort of name, and a passport, as it were, to kindly treatment. But it puts dignity and power beyond the reach of the most sanguine hope. A man generally known among his acquaintances as "Jim" might be very popular and have great influence of the coaxing kind, but it is impossible he could take up any position requiring observance and reverence.

It is worth observing that the shrewdness of the world has given a certain elasticity to the moral influence of names, by inventing a good many different modifications of them, and modifications with very various *nuances*, especially in the case of women. You can't have a much wider range than is contained, for instance, in Elizabeth, Eliza, Betty, Betsy, Bessy, and Bess,—Elizabeth with a *z*, again, being really distinct in moral effect from Elisabeth with an *s*. No one would dream of spelling the name of St. Elisabeth—Mr. Kingsley's heroine—with a *z*; the hard grinding sound of the *z* would be altogether inconsistent with her essence. But Elisabeth with an *s* should be fair and feminine, with something, perhaps, a little secret and brooding in her nature. On the other hand, Queen Elizabeth's name should always have the *z*,—both for the sake of the hardness and imperiousness it gives, and for the sake, somehow, of the touch of awkwardness and coarseness it throws in. This is the direction in which it has developed into the familiarities of Betsy and Betty, the former clumsy, but shrewd, homely, and trustworthy; the latter loud and fast. Lady Betty used to be a common name enough in the aristocracy at one time, but it must have tended to make all its owners vulgar talkers and managers. And just as Elizabeth was degraded into Betsy and Betty, so Elisabeth was familiarized into Bessy and Bess, both fond names, the former suggesting a touch of weakness, the latter, like all monosyllabic names, suggesting a want of atmosphere about the character, but also implying a certain practical brevity and decision.